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MR. WILSON, PSYCHOLOGICALLY

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M. D.

AFTER having lived two years in Italy I found many things about the Italians difficult to understand. After having lived fifty years in the United States of America I find some things about the Americans beyond comprehension.

Nothing is so enigmatic as their attitude toward Woodrow Wilson, the man who was accorded higher esteem in Europe than was ever vouchsafed mortal man, and who gave and has since given earnest of such accord. From the day he decided to represent our country in the Peace Conference the papers and magazines began to contain the material from which could readily be formulated a new Hymn of Hate. What was the genesis of this display? What was the cause of this distrust? From whence did this venom emanate? How could a man whose life was a mirror of integrity, whose ideals were of the loftiest and who conformed his conduct to them excite such contempt? Why should the only statesman who had revealed the ability to formulate a plan which, put in operation, led to cessation of hostilities, who was the leader in formulating the terms of peace, and who insisted, and had his insistence allowed, that it should incorporate a covenant whose enforcement would make for perpetual peace, be hated and distrusted, vilified and traduced, thwarted and misrepresented by so many of his countrymen? What had he done, by commission or omission, that such treatment should be accorded

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him? I know the replies usually given to these questions by his depreciators and defamers. His nature is so imperious and his temper so tyrannical that he cannot cooperate with others; he neither solicits advice nor heeds counsel; he selects his coadjutors, aides and advisers from those whom he knows he can dominate; the passport to his favor is flattery, and intimacy with him is maintained only by the cement of agreement; he neither made preparation for war when there was ample time for doing so nor did he wage war until months after repeated provocations; he is hypocritical in having sought and accomplished election under the slogan "He kept us out of war," and, immediately on being elected, "thrusting" the country into war; he was "too proud to fight" in 1916 but keen to fight in 1917; he has hebrewphilia and popophobia; he is a Socialist masquerading as a Liberal; he is a Bolshevist beneath the mask of a Radical. In brief, he is temperamentally unfit to be President of the United States; intellectually and morally unfit to represent its people, and withal so completely under the dominion of an insatiate ambition to be the greatest man the world has ever known that every kindly feeling has been crowded from him.

Intelligent, educated men who have never seen him, who know little of his career save that he was president of Princeton University and Governor of the State of New Jersey and twice President of the United States elected by the Democratic Party, hate him as if he were a bitter, personal enemy, malign him as if he had injured their reputation for honesty and probity, calumniate him as though he were a man without character, and depreciate him as though his career were barren of signal accomplishment, and distrust his motives and procedures as though he had once, or many times, betrayed them. Men who are unable to give the smallest specificity to their dislike of him feel that they add to their stature by detracting from his accomplishments and defaming him.

Not one of them with whom I have talked has been able to state the facts of his disagreement and rupture with the trustees of Princeton University. My understanding was that he insisted that the University should submit to certain reforms that would make it democratic in reality as well as in name and that would enhance its pedagogical usefulness, and that there should not be a privileged class in the

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University, viz.: members of exclusive clubs whose portals were opened by money. He maintained that his training as an educator, his experience as an administrator, his accomplishment as a student of history and as an interpreter of events, his experience with men, entitled him to a judgment concerning the needs of such an institution that should be given a hearing, and he contended that his recommendations, rather than those of trustees whose training had been largely in the world of affairs, be put in operation and at least be given a trial. He had the courage to jeopardize his very bread and butter, and that of his family, at a time in his life when his physical forces had reached their zenith rather than sacrifice what he believed to be a principle. The men who were permitted to take Woodrow Wilson's measure in that contest had no more idea of his stature than if they were blind. They would have laughed to scorn the idea that five years later the people of the United States would select him for their President. It was in this episode that his repute not to be able to do teamwork with his equals and his inferiors originated. Time has shown that it isn't a question at all of not being able to do teamwork. He cannot do his best work in an atmosphere of friction and dissent, and since it is as impossible for him to yield a position which he has taken, and which we shall assume he believes to be right, as it is impossible for the magnet to yield the needle that it has attracted, he adopts the wise course of not entering contests, save golf with his physician; and we must commend his judgment.

His cabinet meetings are a farce, so say they who have never attended one and who have never even spoken to a cabinet member. He selects pygmies for his cabinet and for his aides in order that they may proffer him no advice, resent no contradiction or protest indignities to their offices. This in face of the fact that he and his cabinet and his aides have conditioned the only miracle of modern times, namely, throwing a whole country, millions of whose people were adverse to war, into a bellicose state which was never before witnessed; conditioning and transporting men and material resources of that country across the Atlantic and into the fighting lines at a crucial moment, at a time when the backs of the Allies were against the wall, according to the statements of their own authorized spokesmen; who succeeded in engendering in the composite mind of the American people

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a determination to win the war that was more potent than men or weapons; who impregnated the composite soul of the Allies with a faith that the world would be an acceptable abode for the common people once the enemy was crushed that transcended in its intensity the faith of the Christian martyrs; who filled the heart of every statesman of the Allied nations with a hope and belief that there was within him the masterful mind that would conduct their legions to victory and salvation. If he and his pygmies accomplished this, I am one who maintains they are myrmidons and giants. But they didn't do it, his detractors say. The rejoinder to which is, "I know, a little bird did it!"

If we had entered the war after the sinking of the *Lusitania* when the wise men of the West say we should have gone in, countless lives and inestimable expenditures would have been spared. Where is the man in the United States of America today who has revealed the Jove-like mind that entitles him to make such sentient statement? When he is found, how can he possibly know? What delivery of thought, idea, conception, execution has he ever made that entitles him to be heard, not to say, believed? How can anyone possibly know what would have been the result of our entrance into the war at that time? If any one thing is responsible for America's efficiency in the war, it is that it had the American people fused into one man with one mind, determined to win the war. I am sure that I encountered nothing in the United States in my travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again in the Spring of 1916 that made me believe that the people of our country wanted war, or that there could be developed in them at that time a sentiment which would make for such internal resistance of the people as they displayed in the Spring of 1917 and continued to display until November 11, 1918. I cannot speak from personal knowledge for I was not in the United States during the year of its war efficiency, but I am told that there was never a whisper of disloyalty or a syllable of disparagement of the President personally during that time. But many of those who were silent then are strident now. Their enforced silence has enhanced the carrying-power of their voices, and their clamor prevents the harmony that the world is seeking. They not only defame Wilson but they contend that the part we played in the war has been overestimated. It has been, but not by us. It

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has been evaluated by those whom it was our most sacred privilege to aid. They neither minimize our efforts nor underestimate our accomplishment. The British know that they were steadfast; the French realize that they were resolute; the Italians appreciate that they were brave. We know it, but that does not prevent us from realizing the magnitude of the rôle we played; and the man who was responsible for it is the man to whom the world, save a political party in the United States, gives thanks and expresses appreciation. His name is Woodrow Wilson. Americans do not boast of the part they played in winning the war, but they do encourage that which is far worse than boasting, lying about it, particularly when the motive for such perversion of truth is deprecation of their Chief Executive.

He is an idealist and a theorist. He is the kind of idealist who destroyed the Democratic machine in the State of New Jersey which had been the synonym for corruption in politics for a generation; the kind of idealist who put through the Underwood Tariff Bill which at one stroke did more to strangle the unnatural mother of privilege than any measure in the past twenty years; the kind of idealist who a few months ago when the transport system of the entire country threatened to be hopelessly paralyzed by reason of the determination of the railway magnates to refuse the demands of locomotive engineers that their working-day should consist of eight hours, sent for representatives of the plutocrats and the proletariat and told what they were to do and when they were to do it, and the whole civilized world approved. He is the idealist who has done more to make our Government a republican government representative of the people and not of the party bosses than anyone in the memory of man. He is the idealist who is a scholar, a thinker, a statesman, a creator, an administrator and a man of vision. More than that, he is an efficiency expert in the realm of world-ordering.

His Secretary of War is a failure; his Secretary of State is a figurehead; his Secretary of Finance is his family, and so on *ad nauseam*.

I am not a competent judge of whether Mr. Baker has been a good Secretary of War or not, but I am sure that he is not so unfit as Simon Cameron was. No one has said of him: "Cameron is utterly ignorant and regardless of the course of things and probable result. Selfish and openly

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discourteous to the President. Obnoxious to the country. Incapable either of organizing details or conceiving and executing general plans." (Nicolay.) President Wilson has never had to say of any of his cabinet what Lincoln said of Seward:

> The point and pith of the Senators' complaint was that they charged him (Seward) if not with infidelity, with indifference, with want of earnestness in the war, with want of sympathy with the country, and especially with a too great ascendancy and control of the President and measures of administration. While they seemed to believe in my honesty, they also appeared to think that when I had in me any good purpose or intention Seward tried to suck it out of me unperceived.

So far as I know, no one has characterized President Wilson's mentality as " painful imbecility," as Stanton characterized Lincoln a few months before the latter appointed him Secretary of War.

He has been accused of not surrounding himself with the ablest men of his party or of the country in the conduct of the affairs of the nation during the period when the country was emerging from the position of aloofness from world politics which it had maintained from the time Washington warned of the danger of " entangling foreign alliances." But it does not convince me that a man is not competent to do the job that the President has given him because his training has been as a stockbroker and his activities on the bear side of the market. That is not the kind of training that one would give his son whom he wished to see become a statesman, but it occurs to me that the task entrusted to him may be one which a statesman is not best fitted to handle. It may be a job that a man with the mentality and training and moral possessions that he selected could do better than anyone else.

What earnest of superior constructive and intellectual powers has any public man in the United States displayed that justifies self-constituted critics in saying that the men selected by President Wilson are not their peers? It is universally admitted that President Wilson has a more masterful and comprehensive grasp of politics in America, using that word in its conventional, everyday sense and meaning, particularly a familiarity with bosses and the " machine," than any president ever had. No one denies his statesmanship. He is, therefore, a competent judge of who is best fitted to do the work which it is necessary to do in order that the programme which he has formulated for the bene-

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fit of humanity may be executed, and particularly that the yoke may be lifted from the necks of the oppressed nations and that another world calamity in the shape of war may be avoided. His choice of aides and representatives may not be acceptable to men who put party interests before public interests, who are willing to sacrifice world weal for worldly advancement, and who lash themselves into a frenzied state by repetition of the admonitions of Washington or Monroe. It does not detract from the glory of the Father of his Country, or from the lustre of great interpreters of national law, to say that the principles that they enunciated and the practices that they initiated a century ago are not necessarily those that should guide us now. It would be just as legitimate to say that physicians should follow the teachings of Hippocrates or Galen because the one was the father of medicine and the other its greatest expositor, as it would be to say that we must follow slavishly the teachings of Washington and Monroe.

That the Peace delegation did not contain men of the mental calibre of Mr. Root or Mr. Lodge, that the reservoirs of expert knowledge were not drained and taken to Paris, that the American Peace Commission as a whole was less sophisticated, less perceptive and apperceptive than that of Great Britain, let us say, is to be regretted, just as we regret the effects of some fallacious judgment or specious decision of our youth. There are ways of offsetting them, however, and in this particular instance Congress is the way. The President did not go beyond his prerogative in selecting the Peace Commission. The public elected him to make these selections, as well as to do other things. If the people do not want that such selection should be his privilege and power they have only to say it at the polls. The Eighteenth Amendment was not difficult of accomplishment. Perhaps time will show that Mr. Wilson "guessed right" oftener in the selection of his cabinet than any predecessor.

Mr. Josephus Daniels was the target of scorn and the butt of ridicule from the time he went into the cabinet until he began to make preparations for war, but the rumor has reached me that his efforts were fairly satisfactory to the hypercritical American public. The President's critics are jealous of the prodigious powers which an unauthorized representative of the Government has in the affairs of the country, and they do not understand why, if he is the para-

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gon of virtue that his position seems to indicate he is, the President did not put him on the Commission. But again I say the President knows his limitations and the public has only recently discovered them.

He is silent and ungetatable. Silence has been considered a sign of strength in man since the days of Hammurabi, and the greater the man the more solitary he is. If Mr. Wilson were twice as great, even Mr. Tumulty would not be allowed to see him!

Wilson has been accused of pilfering his idea of the League of Nations from the Duke DeSully and from the Abbé of Saint Pierre. Enemies animated by malice and fired by envy have striven to show that the famous fourteen statements or principles were his only by the right of possession or enunciation; that he has resurrected the doctrines of Mazzini, dressed them up, and parades them as his own. It would be difficult to be patient with such critics if one did not know the history of epoch-making events in the world's progress. In truth the public is resentful that it was not consulted. It is umbraged that it was not allowed to make suggestions. It is spiteful because it was treated with contempt. The public manifested the same quality of spleen toward Lincoln, only the quantity was greater. In brief, the public professes not to have any confidence in Mr. Wilson's wisdom, and this in face of the fact that up to date he has displayed more wisdom than all the Solons in America combined, and I can say this the more unprejudicedly as a Republican than I could if I were a member of the party that elected Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson is disliked for emotional, not intellectual reasons. Although he has probably done more to engrave the graving upon the stone that will remove the iniquity of the land than any man who has ever lived, " we don't like " him. There must be some good reason for this other than envy, jealousy, and resentment, and I propose to inquire for these reasons in Mr. Wilson's emotional make-up.

Whether I " like " Mr. Wilson or not does not enter into it. I never knew Pascal or Voltaire or Benjamin Franklin, and still I am sure I could make a statement of their qualities and possessions that would elicit commendation from one who had known them. As a matter of fact, personal contact with men from whose activities the world dates epochs

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is not conducive to personal liking. I cannot fancy liking Rousseau. I am sure I should not have liked Voltaire. I can even understand why Lincoln was despised and scoffed at by his contemporaries. I am one of those who believe Mr. Wilson is a great man but I am not concerned to convince others of it. I am concerned alone to explain why he is not beloved of the people.

The esteem or disesteem in which Mr. Wilson is held in this country is due to his personality, and this does not seem to me to be enigmatic. He has the mind of a Jove but the heart of a batrachian. It is to the former that he owed his rise, it is the latter that conditioned his fall. If we were not satisfied to have such a man sail our Ship of State in smooth as well as in turbulent seas, in calm and in tornado, we had opportunity to drop him gracefully from the bridge in 1916. Although his possessions and deficits were not so universally known then as now, still, they were generally recognized and widely discussed. Instead of dropping our pilot we re-elected him. This could only be construed by him as approval of his conduct. When he continued to display his inherent qualities he excited our ire. We called him names and neither forgave nor wished to forgive him.

Woodrow Wilson does not love his fellow-men. He loves them in the abstract but not in the flesh. He is concerned with their fate, their destiny, their travail en masse, but the predicaments, perplexities and prostrations of the individual or groups of individuals make no appeal to him. He does not refresh his soul by bathing it daily in the milk of human kindness. He says with his lips that he loves his fellow-men, but there is no accompanying emotional glow, none of the somatic or spiritual accompaniments which are the normal ancillæ of love's display. Hence he does not respect their convictions when they are opposed to his own, he does not value their counsels. His determination to put things through in the way he has convinced himself they should be put through is not susceptible to change from influences that originate without his own mind.

He has made many false steps, but none of them so conditioned his fall from the exalted position the world had given to him as his determination to go to Paris and represent this country at the Peace Conference. If one may judge what the verdict of all the voters in this country would have been had the question of his going been submitted to them from

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the expressions of opinion of those one encounters in daily life, it would be no exaggeration to say that three-fourths of the voters would say he should not have gone. I think I may say truthfully that I never encountered a person who approved his decision. It is possible that his entourage or cabinet and counsellors did not contain a daring soul who volunteered such advice, but it is incredible that both they and the President did not sense the judgment of their countrymen as it was reflected in the newspapers. However, it is likely that he would have gone even had he known that the majority of the voters of this country were opposed to it.

In contact with people, he gives himself the air of listening with deference and indeed of being beholden to judgment and opinion, but in reality it is an artifice which he puts off when he returns to the dispensing center of the word and of the law just as he puts off his gloves and his hat. Nothing is so illustrative of this unwillingness to heed counsel emanating from authority and given wholly for his benefit as his conduct toward his physician during the trip around the country in September 1919. The newspaper representatives who accompanied him say that he often had severe and protracted headache, was often nervous and irritable, sometimes dizzy, and always looked ill. These symptoms conjoined with the fact that for a long time he had high blood pressure were danger signals which no physician would dare neglect. It is legitimate to infer that his physician apprised him and counselled him accordingly. Despite it he persisted until nature exacted the penalty and by so doing jeopardized his own life and the equilibrium of affairs of the country. Indeed, obstinacy is one of his most conspicuous characteristics.

The President attempts to mask with facial urbanity and a smile in verbal contact with people and with the subjunctive mood in written contact his third most deforming defect of character, namely: his inability to enter into a contest of any sort in which there is strife without revealing his true nature, that is, his emotional frigidity, his lack of love for his fellowmen. They explain why he did not win out to a larger degree in Paris and why he did not win out with Congress. When he attempts to play this game his artificed civility, cordiality, amiability are so discordant with the real man that they become as offensive as affectations of manner or

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speech always are, and instead of placating the individual toward whom they are manifest, or facilitating a modus vivendi, they offend him and make rapport with him impossible.

Probably nothing would strike Mr. Wilson's family and intimates as so wholly untrue as the statement that he is cruel, yet nevertheless I feel convinced that there is much latent cruelty in his make-up, and every now and then he is powerless to inhibit it. He was undoubtedly wholly within his rights in dismissing Mr. Lansing from his cabinet, but the way he did it constituted the refinement of cruelty. He may have had a contempt for Lansing because the Secretary had not insisted on playing first fiddle in Mr. Wilson's orchestra, the part for which he was engaged, but that did not justify Mr. Wilson in flaying him publicly because he attempted to keep the orchestra together and tuned up, as it were, during Mr. Wilson's illness.

Selfishness is another conspicuous deforming trait of the President. He is more selfish than cruel. Undoubtedly his friends can point to many acts of generosity that deny the allegation. Some of the most selfish people in the world give freely of their counsel, money and time. Selfishness and miserliness are not interchangeable terms. Mr. Wilson is the apotheosis of selfishness because he puts his decisions and determinations above those of any or all others. It matters not who the others may be. Until someone comes forward to show that he has ever been known to yield his judgments and positions to those of others, I must hold to this view. He is ungenerous of sentiment and unfair by implication. Nothing better exemplifies his ungenerosity than his refusal to appear before the Senate or a committee of them previous to his return to Paris after his visit here and say to them that he had determined to incorporate all their suggestions in the Treaty and in the Covenant. He did incorporate them, but he did not give the Senate the satisfaction of telling them that he was going to do so or that the Instrument would be improved by so doing.

It has been said of him that he is the shrewdest politician who has been in the Presidential chair within the memory of man. That is a euphemistic way of saying he knows mob psychology and individual weakness, but his reputation in this respect has been injured by his failure to be generous and gracious to Congress.

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The receptive side of his nature is neither sensitive nor intuitive, nor is his reactive side productive or creative. He is merely ratiocinative and constructive, consciously excogitative and inventive. In other words, he has talent, not genius. Genius does what it must, talent what it can. The man of genius does that which no one else can do. His work is the essential and unique expression of himself. He does it without being aware how he does it. It is as much an integral part of him as the pitch of his voice and his unconscious manner. He is conscious only of the throes of productive travail; of the antecedents of his creation he is ignorant.

Mr. Wilson is a man of measureless talent who has instructed himself to great purpose. He has made a careful review and digest of the world's history and he has attempted to survey the trackless forests and untrodden deserts of the future. From the activities in the former fields he has evolved a plan which he believes will make the latter a favorable place for the human race to display its activities and he has striven to put that plan into practice. He concedes that others have looked backward with as comprehensive an eye as his own; he grants that others have had visions of the future that are even more penetrating than his own; but *he* has the opportunity to try out his plan and *they* have not, and he is unwilling to take them into partnership in the development of the claim that he has staked out. He cannot do it. It is one of his emotional limitations. Were he generous, kindly and humble it would be difficult to find his like in the flesh or in history. He must be reconciled to the frowns of his contemporaries, the disparagements of his fellows and the scorn of those who have been scorned by him. The world has always made the possessor of limitations pay the penalty. In his hour of hurt, if sensitiveness adequate to feel it is still vouchsafed him, he may assuage the pain with the knowledge that posterity will judge him by his intellectual possessions, not by his emotional deficit.

If we are not satisfied with his conduct we must do one of two things: We must either curtail the powers of future Presidents or we must select Presidents for their qualities of heart as well as mind. Perhaps future candidates for the Presidency should be submitted to psychological tests to determine their intellectual and emotional coefficients. Those

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who do not measure up to a certain standard shall be eliminated.

One of the most unsurmountable obstacles to advancement of an officer in the army or navy is an annotation of his record by a superior officer as "temperamentally unfit." From the day that appears underneath his pedigree there is scarcely any power that can advance him. It may be that Woodrow Wilson has been "temperamentally unfit" to be President of the United States, but for anyone to say that he has been intellectually unfit for that office is to utter an absurdity and an untruth. Had he been baptized in the waters of humility, had his parents or his pedagogues inoculated him with the vaccine of modesty, had he during the years of his spiritual growth come under the leavening influence of love of humanity, had he by taking thought been able to develop what are considered "human qualities," kindliness, sympathy and reverence for others, had he included in his matutinal prayers, "Let me accomplish, not by might, nor by power, but by spirit," had he had Lincoln's heart and his own brain, he would be, not one of the greatest men that America had ever produced, but the greatest. As it is, his emotional limitations have thwarted his career. The American people speak of this as his fault. It is in reality his misfortune. We laugh at the child who cries when she finds that her doll with outward appearance of pulchritude is filled with sawdust, but we wail when we find our gods are only human, and we resent it when our humans err.

Woodrow Wilson should consider himself particularly fortunate—for he owes his life to it—that he lives in the twentieth century. It is only a century or two ago, in reality, that they gave up burning at the stake prophets and reformers, and it is only a few decades ago that they allowed them to remain in their native land or even to visit it. Critics and self-constituted judges of Mr. Wilson's conduct will continue to pour their vials of wrath upon his head and purge themselves of their contempt for him, but these are the fertilizers of his intellectual stature.

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WHAT ABOUT SYRIA?

BY FREDERICK JONES BLISS

I

1914-1919

WAS it all a dream? So I ask myself in the wide, free security of my own dear Country. Were they real years, those years of indefinite apprehension, when, in very exasperation at the deadly quiet, we fairly shrieked for something to go off with a bang, even if we ourselves should be annihilated in the crash! Anything, we cried, anything but this menacing monotony. Always before us, to the West, the smiling, treacherous blue sea, changed by the blockade from a way for us to get out to a means to keep us in. Always behind us the great wall of the Lebanon, stately, beautiful, dotted with villages, flecked by sun and shade, but still a wall, shutting us in to the East. Were they real, those sights?—babies picking out and devouring on the spot the barley grains that might be found in the dung of beasts; women and children stretched rigid in the last article of death along the public square, froth at the lips, flies on the eyes, while the world, while *we,* for the very sake of preserving our sanity, had to pass by, chatting pleasantly as we passed. Were they real, those sounds?—the cries of "hungry—hungry—hungry" from which we could never escape, walk we never so fast or so far; cries pervading the city day and night, now faint, now loud, always despairing; cries from the stolid old man, from the frantic mother clutching the skeleton that was once her baby, from the bewildered little children. Was *she* real—that brave little woman, once tough and wiry, still fighting starvation with incredible energy, who dragged herself to our house, and, stabbing me with her dying eyes, said, "I have no one but God and you: don't *you* let me die." Yes, she *is* real to me by token of that

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challenging look which still burns in my soul. For, though I tried to keep her alive, the challenge had come too late.

As may have been already gathered, our only real suffering during those long years was vicarious. To dwell on our own petty privations would be worse than irrelevant. Through the Red Cross and other philanthropic agencies, a certain alleviation in the economic situation was possible, but it was only a drop in the ocean of starvation, which reduced the population of the Lebanon, for example, by one-third, at the lowest calculation. Typhoid and typhus swelled the death-roll. It was terrible to assist consciously in carrying out the law of the Survival of the Fittest. We felt like Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, " pricking " those whom we doomed to die by eliminating them from the list of those whom it seemed wise to help.

But starvation was not the only menace to the Syrian population which, Moslem and Christian alike, was predominantly and, at first, almost openly, in sympathy with the enemy of the Turks. It is small wonder that the authorities made every attempt, fair and foul, to suppress the all but universal sedition. Hangings became frequent. The reign of terror reached its height in the Spring of 1916, when arbitrary deportation, for no reason alleged, became widespread in Syria and Palestine. Entire families were condemned to perpetual exile to some distant part of the Empire. When the head of the family, conscious of no overt offense, would ask the Governor what crime he was supposed to be guilty of, he would receive the laconic reply, " you know." Naturally no Syrian felt safe. Men began to guard their very thoughts. The pall over the land began to lift when Djemal Pasha, the military dictator, issued a proclamation, early in May, that no further deportations of Syrians, save on documentary evidence of treason, would be made.

Our first realization of the change that had come over our relations, as foreigners, with the ruling Powers was on September 10, 1914, a full month and a half before Turkey went into the war. In the small hours of the morning the police aroused the sleeping native inhabitants, bidding them to rise and celebrate their deliverance from foreign influence and interference. For on the day previous the Committee of Union and Progress at Constantinople had struck a *coup d'état,* abolishing the Capitulations, under which all

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foreigners had for centuries enjoyed extra-territorial privileges in the Turkish Empire. For us Americans this sudden stroke meant that hereafter we were held to be subject to arrest by Turkish police; to be tried in Turkish Courts, rather than by our own Consul; to have our houses searched. Arrests of Americans soon became amusingly common. The present writer was brought to the Station House on the charge of communicating with the first "enemy" aeroplane that flew over the terrified city!

Before us Americans there always loomed three possibilities: evacuation, deportation, and the danger of being "lost in the shuffle," in case our town were left to anarchy during an interval between the flight of the Turks and the entrance of the conqueror. The horrors of deportation had been brought very close to us in the persons of our British and French friends. These horrors had been faced by the able-bodied with sturdy British pluck and traditional French *sang-froid,* but the case of invalids was a different matter. Picture to yourself some gentle elderly lady in your own American town or village—some invalid, who had not left her house for months; imagine a policeman arousing her at midnight and giving her thirty-six hours to prepare to be herded into a car and carried off to some undesignated town in Mexico, simply on the ground of her nationality—only thus can you form any sort of conception of the situation in Beyrout. As a matter of fact the friends of such ladies were enabled, by prompt action in securing official medical certificate of inability for the journey, to obtain immunity. But what kind of immunity! For months nothing could render these ladies immune from the feeling of being hunted. To hear a knock at the door was agony; to wait for a knock at the door was greater agony.

With two notable exceptions the Americans were favorably treated by the Turks in Syria. The exile of the Treasurer of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, whose activities resulted in the saving of thousands of lives, and of a fellow missionary, together with their cruel imprisonment at Constantinople, involving unimaginable horrors, forms a ghastly story. The College was closed for two weeks only. Our large community was permitted to get grain and some other commodities at government prices. Entertainments and meetings, public and private, went on almost as usual.

The Prologue to our Grand Drama of deliverance was

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furnished by Nature herself. On Sunday the 29th of September, 1918, we were shaken by an earthquake, which seemed to last a full minute and which was quite different in quality from any that I have ever experienced. It was as if a super-Titanic Dog had taken the world by the scruff of its neck and was shaking it with violent rapidity from side to side. "Wake up!" it was probably saying, "you know nothing about it, but Allenby is near!" On that Sunday—the earthquake had nothing to do with it!—the President of the American College called on the Turkish Governor, Ismaîl Hakki Bey, who declared that he anticipated no imminent danger to the city, and who rather pooh-poohed the funk into which the local Germans had fallen. About thirty hours later the Governor was fleeing by car in one direction and the German Consul in another, though of this midnight flight we knew nothing until the next day. On that memorable Tuesday, October first, we woke up to find ourselves under an Arab Government. Admirable regulations for the preservation of order terminated with this supreme stroke of ironic humor: "Whereas the Turkish Officials, with their families and the rest of the foreigners, constitute for us a trust, it is incumbent on each individual to exercise every care for their happiness and comfort." This was indeed to heap coals of fire on the head of the oppressor of yesterday, who had been the oppressor of centuries, and doubtless they were meant to burn.

The meaning of the events of the strange week succeeding this proclamation was obscure to us at the time, and obscure it remained for many months. The events, briefly, were as follows: On that Tuesday we learned that the peaceful revolution had been precipitated by a telegram from Damascus to the Mayor of the city, Omar Bey Daûk, calling upon him to declare the Arab Government and that this telegram had resulted in the collapse of Turkish authority; on Thursday great crowds assembled in the Square to welcome the British troops, whose approach was supposed to be imminent, but who did not appear; on Friday the Arab Flag was raised on the Government House, to the accompaniment of speeches by Moslems and Christians declaring complete independence of foreign control; on Saturday the continued absence of any sign of connection of the Ententists with the *status quo* quickened our apprehension as to the nature of the authority of this provisional Government, backed by no

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visible force. It was a week of outer tranquillity and happiness, but the thoughtful could not but recognize potential anarchy. However, the provisional Governor, Mayor Omar Bey, inspired confidence by his ubiquitous activity and by his grasp of the situation. He, indeed, may be called the hero of that week.

On Sunday morning, October 6th, at 7:30, I was called to the upper balcony of our house overlooking the sea. From that balcony we had watched bombs dropping within a half mile of the house. From that balcony we had watched the long, slim, German submarines emerging from the deep and submerging themselves therein. From that balcony we had watched the Entente men-of-war ominously patrolling the coast. But on this beautiful Sunday morning there flitted gaily past four little warships, two flying the French flag and two the British, coming as our friends, our deliverers! That was the moment when the long-forgotten sense of security gripped us. The French captain landed. The next day seven ships were in the harbor.

The second week, thus auspiciously begun, was not without its Gilbert and Sullivan element. Under which king? was the question we asked ourselves. On Monday Shukri Pasha Ul-Ayyubi, who had come from Damascus, was formally inaugurated as Arab Governor. British sanction appeared to be indicated by the presence of two officers, though it transpired later that these English visitors from Damascus had but stumbled accidentally on this function, staged without their knowledge. On Tuesday the British army, which had been advancing along the coast, began to pour in. The telegraph office was seized. The Arab flag still floated from the Government House, where Shukri Pasha still remained. On the night of Wednesday the flag was quietly removed by the British. On Thursday a French Civil Governor was functioning in the Government House. Omar Bey was requested to continue as Mayor. The British were in full military control. Shukri Pasha finding himself *de trop,* officially evaporated, but not without protest. And thus ingloriously terminated our ten days of Arab rule.

Some months later I found an explanation for this topsy-turvy situation. From statements made to me by two of the Arab protagonists, it transpired that the citizens of Damascus had been anticipating the methods of d'Annunzio. A Committee of Four, including at least one Christian, to-

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gether with the Moslems, Shukri Pasha and Emir Saîd the Algerian, sent a circular telegram in the name of the latter to the Syrian coast towns, to the Lebanon and to other places, announcing the establishment of an Arab Government and demanding that it be declared locally. It seems now quite clear that the plan of the Damascus patriots had been to forestall any disposition of the coast that might be detrimental to their chances for immediate autonomy, and that this plan collapsed when the British and French quietly took possession, calmly ignoring the *coup d'état*. Feisal, on arriving in Damascus, learned of the situation, and in so far recognized the *fait accompli* as to request this Committee to send Shukri Pasha to Beyrout to explain that the declaration of an Arab Government had preceded the arrival of the forces. Shukri, as we have seen, was installed as governor of Beyrout. Feisal, it is said, later explained his action to the British authorities as a yielding to overwhelming public opinion and in order to calm the populace.

The weeks that followed brought with them a series of resurrection-days. Friends whom we had not seen for years suddenly appeared, having sped from Jerusalem by motor. Very slowly and very irregularly letters began to drift in—some of them almost three years old. Once more we read newspapers written in English. British officers and privates gave us details of their great campaign. Indeed the story was told to us by General Allenby himself, who made a special visit to Beyrout to address our students of the American College. The stagnant life of the city was vivified by new elements: British and French uniforms, Algerians and Indians, Armenian volunteers, the Egyptian labor-corps, camel-corps from the Desert. Motor-lorries dashed through the streets in endless procession. Thousands of tents were scattered through the pine-groves and along the seashore. A British military band gave concerts in the public square. Once more signs in other languages than Turkish appeared over the places of business. Second only to the thrill I felt at the sight of the ships on that Sunday morning was the emotion evoked by the appearance of the long-suppressed sign, "Thomas Cook & Son"! Even thus may the commonplace have a high symbolic meaning. In a word, new life began to pulsate within our bodies and within our souls, though the latter still bore scars that will remain to our dying day.

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II.

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Over against the uncertainties which cloud the future of Syria and Palestine, two affirmations may be made with considerable confidence: first, the Turks have gone for good; second, the people will remain determined that no temporary occupation, mandate or coöperation on the part of foreigners shall imperil or prejudice their unity and their independence. These ideas have steadily increased and solidified since they were announced early last summer as the programme of the Emir Feisal whom the All-Syrian Congress elected King of Syria in March. Feisal is one of the now prominent figures unknown to the world before the war. In 1915 the British, acting through that "Scholar-Gipsy," Colonel Lawrence, gained the coöperation of his father, Hussein, the Sherîf of Mecca, a descendant of Mohammed, by promising him help in his ambition to create an Arab Empire extending from the border of Egypt to the Persian Gulf. So, at least, the arrangement was absolutely understood by Hussein (now King of the Hejaz) and by Feisal, his third son. Feisal, who is about thirty-five years old, has had no European training, but was educated at Constantinople, where he resided between the ages of seven and twenty-four. This residence gave him an outlook on life not afforded by Arabia, but it did not change his essential Arab nature. Controlling as he did the Bedawîn on the fringe of Syria and Palestine, he rendered invaluable service in Allenby's brilliant campaign, culminating in the entry to Damascus on September 30, 1918. Let me say in passing that my intimacy with Feisal, in matters both of public and private concern, has produced in my heart and mind a confidence in his ability, wisdom, patriotism and integrity.

Feisal has played the game squarely and openly. He believes, and I think rightly, that he has the majority of the inhabitants of Syria and Palestine behind him. He has, in London and Paris, patiently persisted in his attempts to get the British and French to stick by their pronouncements, by which the Syrians are to determine their ultimate form of government, and are to have an important voice in the choice of their advisers. These declarations are plain. In the *Palestine News* for November, 1918—the official

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journal of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force under General Allenby—was published "the text of declaration agreed to between the British and French Governments and communicated to the President of the United States." Here, *inter alia,* we read:

> The aim which France and Great Britain have in view in waging in the East the war let loose on the world by German ambition, is to ensure the complete and final emancipation of all those peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and to establish national governments and administrations which shall derive their authority from the initiative and free will of the peoples themselves.

This declaration was published (in translation) in the Arabic and French press of Beyrout.

The twenty-second section of the League of Nations Covenant, under which England and France are even now supposed to be working, directly implies that such lands as Syria and Palestine "have reached a state of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized," adding that "the wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory Power." These official declarations theoretically render null and void the provisions of the secret treaty, negotiated in 1916 between the late Sir Mark Sykes and Monsieur Georges Picot, by which, among other matters considered, France is recognized as the practical master of Syria; and England, of Palestine. I have it on first hand authority that Sir Mark confessed as much before his death. But theory is one thing and practical politics is, alas!, another. A prominent French ecclesiastic indignantly declared to me that to set aside the Sykes-Picot Treaty would be another case of "a scrap of paper"!

During the winter and spring of 1919, disinterested friends of Syria and Palestine strove hard to secure the appointment in Paris of a mixed Allied Commission, which should seek to find out the wishes of the Syrians in their own land. France objected to taking part in this Commission, probably foreseeing that a plebiscite would go against herself for a Mandatory Power. Great Britain felt she could not send representatives if France did not. Wisely or unwisely—I think wisely—the American members, Messrs. Crane and King, proceeded alone, landing at Jaffa in June and remaining in the country some five weeks. As it was my privilege to follow their methods at close range, I can

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testify to their thoroughness, caution and impartiality. No publicity has been given to their report. I understand that apparently six-sevenths of the population expressed a wish for independence, immediate and complete. Failing this, they chose America as the Mandatory Power, with England as second choice. The remaining seventh included the solid block of Maronites, mainly inhabiting the northern part of the Lebanon, but also scattered in the southern part and in the coast towns. They are very numerous in Beyrout. With these in the demand for France are associated other bodies affiliated with the Roman Catholic Church.

But, as I have repeatedly told Feisal's followers, passionately determined on an American Mandate, it is one thing to feel that you can't get along without a girl, and it is quite another to insist that she marry you. America shows no disposition to take over the administration of Syria. England, for a year after the Occupation, kept the military control of both Syria and Palestine, but confined her civil administration to the latter. In December 1919 she withdrew her forces from Syria, where today France controls the seaboard with its hinterland both in a military and a civil sense; and Feisal, subject to France's nebulous oversight, is responsible for the interior, with Damascus as headquarters.

It was probably Feisal's recognition of the inevitable connection which France is apparently destined to have with Syria that precipitated his acceptance of the crown. Was it perhaps a checkmate to possible plans of aggression? Little reliance can be placed on the daily and newspaper dispatches regarding the Near East, and on the local correspondence, but the following alleged quotations from his speeches appear to show the trend of his ideas: "Both England and America refuse to help us." "It is to France that we would turn." "France can ask anything but one thing —to compromise our independence, which is unthinkable."

How Feisal can reconcile an acceptance of French superintendence in Northern Syria with his fundamental idea of a unity of control extending over Greater Syria, it is not easy to see. The hope of the Nationalists was for one mandate over Syria and Palestine. It is hard to conceive how the French would be allowed a mandate over Palestine, even if they wanted it. Their interest has always been in the Greater Lebanon. When I say that this interest is fundamentally sentimental, the word is not used in any deroga-

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tory sense. This sentiment of friendship is cordially reciprocated. The roots thereof strike deep into history.

If France is to continue coöperation in the civil administration of Northern Syria, it is profoundly to be hoped that this administration will improve. At present it is not as efficient as the one it replaced. For most of the war-period the Beyrout-*vilayet* was ruled by Azmi Bey, formerly Prefect of Police at Constantinople. Without for a moment extenuating his cruel and unscrupulous methods, one may maintain that this strong administrator was methodic, industrious, firm, enterprising, demanding similar qualities from his subordinates. Current reports from Beyrout picture appalling conditions: trade is stagnant, the Custom House is disorganized, the police are described as "a mere name," the Lebanon which I remember as being as safe as the New England of my childhood has become the scene of brigandage. These conditions are partly due to the paralyzing uncertainties of the situation. Will they improve when the relations between the Syrians and the French are definitely fixed? I, for one, see grounds for hope, when distrust and suspicion are replaced by clearly defined coöperation.

Whatever arrangements may be made for future foreign assistance in the administration and development of Palestine proper, it is clear that Feisal expects his sovereignty to extend over that land. But this opens up questions touching Zionism, which is another story, too long to be included here.

FREDERICK JONES BLISS.

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REVOLUTION OR EVOLUTION IN BELGIUM?

BY HENRY DE MAN

OF all European countries, Belgium, that seemed the hardest hit by the war, has been the quickest to recover.

One year after the armistice, the output in all but a few industries had again reached the pre-war level. The number of unemployed workmen, which was about 700,000 in November, 1918, was less than 100,000 a year later. Emigration of labor is hardly above the pre-war rate. The cost of living is only about two-thirds of what it was a year ago, and in spite of the unfavorable foreign exchange, the downward trend continues.

The most characteristic fact of all is perhaps that the output of coal, which in most other countries is going down steadily, has continuously increased and is now practically as high as before the war. The latest returns (for October, 1919) show an output of 98.6 per cent of the monthly average, in 1913, in spite of the shortening of the shifts from 9 to 8½ hours. This figure is of double significance, both because coal mining is Belgium's economic mainstay, and also as an index of the return of transportation conditions, and of the demand for industrial fuel to a normal level.

The most striking feature of the condition of Belgium in 1919 is undoubtedly the absence of serious industrial disturbances and the immunity of the labor movement from extremist tendencies. Although the Belgian Labor Party, now the biggest single political force in the country, is outspokenly socialistic, and has a historical record as the initiator of the national strike for political purposes, as actually conducted in 1893, 1902 and 1913, the industrial life of the nation has been much less disturbed of late than that of any other industrial country. Bolshevism, Spartacism, Communism, I. W. W.ism are unknown in Belgium. There is

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not a single group, paper, or known industrial, whom these extreme manifestations of social discontent might claim as their exponent.

As industry had been practically at a standstill for the duration of the war, the readjustment of wages to the cost of living after the armistice has been more abrupt and radical than elsewhere. The recent progress of trade unionism has been faster than even in England, the unions having increased their membership by about 400 per cent in one year. Collective bargaining on a national scale has been introduced in the two main industries, mining and metallurgy, in which it was practically unknown before the war. It has become the rule in most others. The eight hour day prevails where the nine or ten hour day existed until 1914. The railroadmen, who, until 1918, had been deprived of the right to form trade unions, are now almost to a man affiliated with the union movement. The national Government, which before the war had practically refused recognition to the labor unions, now consists of their representatives to the extent of one third, and stands pledged to a policy of " recognizing the participation of the labor unions in the management of industry."

The plural voting system has been suppressed. Consequently, the Conservative (Roman Catholic) party, which had governed uninterruptedly for twenty-eight years, has been deprived of its majority. The Socialists, who had been outcast until 1914 so that none of them was allowed to become a mayor, now hold the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, and four out of the twelve seats in the Cabinet. This Cabinet only came into existence after its programme had been endorsed by a regular convention of the Labor Party.

The story of how such a revolution could be accomplished in quiet and orderly fashion, together with the actual reconstruction of a little country that, a year ago, was faced by problems much more acute and complicated than those of the neighboring nations, may interest those Americans who are anxious to see democracy made an instrument of social progress and readjustment.

I, for one, am quite prepared to admit that I did not believe in the possibility of such a speedy and easy recovery of my country when, in November, 1918, I returned with the Belgian army on the heels of the retreating Germans,

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who had occupied practically all of it for more than four years. I need not describe here the extent of the damage done by the invaders, especially to some of our main industries, like the textiles, which had been almost completely deprived of their machinery. It seems to me that too much attention has been paid by public opinion at large, especially in America, to the spectacular side of the devastation that followed in the wake of the German armies, whilst some other, much more important consequences of the occupation were ignored.

The sensationalism and atrocity-mongering of the newspapers has resulted in giving the general public abroad a quite false idea of what the real problem of Belgium's reconstruction eventually proved to be. In this highly industrialized country, with nearly eight million inhabitants living on 11,000 square miles, that has to import more than half of its food in exchange for manufactured products, the reopening of the international tradeways upon which the country's prosperity mainly depends, was an immeasurably more difficult and more complicated task than to rebuild destroyed villages or to reequip an agricultural, self-supporting nation like, say, the Serbs. There were 700,000 unemployed workmen, with no machinery and no raw materials to set them to work on. There were all the problems connected with the sudden withdrawal of the German currency, which had been used for four years, and the enormous discount on the foreign exchange that followed the importation *en masse* of food and manufactured goods.

But one task was bigger even than the repairing of the insolvent fabric of a modern manufacturing nation's economic life after four years of coma. That was the psychological readjustment needed, the curing of the nation's soul of the effects of four years of idleness, pauperism, underfeeding, political oppression, and intellectual isolation.

What made the latter problem the crucial issue in Belgium was the unparalleled condition of the country under German occupation. With the exception of the occupied industrial districts of the North of France, no other country has been through an ordeal so destructive of the popular *morale* as Belgium. In an agricultural country under enemy occupation, life goes on as usual in the rear of the armies, and the greater the demand for food the greater the activity and prosperity. So it was in the agricultural

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districts of Belgium, with the exception of the small part that had been devastated by warfare. The value of agricultural land was doubled or trebled, and every farmer became a profiteer at the expense both of the Germans and of the industrial population, and ultimately a miniature *nouveau riche*. But fully two-thirds of Belgium's population live in cities or great industrial centers and depend on industry and trade. In some instances, they were forced into idleness by the interruption of international trade. But in most cases, they stopped work because their production would have helped the Germans. It is no exaggeration to say that three quarters of a million of Belgian workers were on strike against the German occupants for four years, in spite of every inducement to work for them, and of the terrorizing effect of the deportations—the biggest and most prolonged general strike in history. This involved all the railwaymen and transport workers, most metal and textile workers, and, to a smaller extent, the miners, as the output of coal had been voluntarily reduced to the minimum needed for home consumption.

Few things are more amazing in the history of the World War than the almost superhuman tenacity with which these masses continued their " passive resistance," and the unreasoning, and to all appearances unreasonable hope with which they clung to the idea that " they" would have to go —some day. Ignorance of all that happened elsewhere was complete, except for what the Germans would tell. Besides, with the Government gone abroad, the papers suppressed, no books or magazines admitted but from Germany, political activities prohibited, the frontiers fenced off, and communication between the various cities and parts of the country made practically impossible, individual and local isolation had been carried as far as it was possible for any power to carry it. Yet the powerful machine of German administration, designed to bend the will of a nation that had been thus reduced to atoms, failed. Surely a surprising indication of the power of a collective human will!

This power, however, after the early stage, when the initial active impulse to resist was formed and heroically asserted itself, naturally became a power of inertia. In view of what we know of the strength of human nerves, it would have been impossible, for example, for the mass of Belgian workmen to remain voluntarily unemployed for

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four years, and resist the continual attempts of bribing and bullying by the occupant, in the face of increasing starvation and misery, if the power of the original resolution had not been supplemented by the supreme power of habit. After four years of heroic idleness, the hero had become an idler.

Still there was no truth in the charge that was made by some of our employers and capitalists after the armistice that most workmen would rather go on drawing the unemployment pay and do nothing than to make a few francs more by going to work. The best proof of the falsity of the charge was that, in those earlier stages of industrial reconstruction when some short-sighted employers tried to speculate on the misery of the masses, tens of thousands of workmen were emigrating into France and Holland, where they would get decent wages for hard work.

The truth of the matter is that, immediately after the withdrawal of the Germans, and the return of the Belgian army, everybody, the workmen included, wanted but to enjoy himself. Since there was not much to feast on, the feasting was soon over; and the immense majority of the workmen then had no greater desire than to go back to work for a living wage. The labor unions took a leading part in encouraging the resumption of work, whilst demanding higher wages to meet the increased cost of living, and shorter hours to avoid still further weakening of the debilitated men's strength. They had no real difficulty in getting the men started wherever conditions were decent; but the long enforced idleness, the consequent loss of skill, the nervous strain of four years of anxiety and moral quasi-prostration, the weakening of bodies through underfeeding, made themselves felt once work had been resumed, and accounted for a reduced output. This reduction of working power, both physical and nervous, affected all classes alike.

The real tragedy of Belgian life under the occupation was the absolute intellectual stagnation. It was as though people had gone asleep in the fall of 1914 and waked up again, after bad dreams, in the fall of 1918. Those Belgians who have been with the army or lived in England or France as refugees, all declare that they felt, after the first joy of returning to the old place and the old people, the same shock of disappointment at finding that nothing had changed. Nothing could better bring home to them the importance of the changes in the fermenting world in which they had them-

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selves been living these four years, than the contrast between their own mentality and that of the people who had stayed in Belgium. Even to a moderately sensitive person, this contrast would reveal itself painfully at every step, at every word, in every trivial little incident that would bring the "homestayers" and "those of the Yser" in contact with each other. To me, the most pathetic thing in Belgium after the return in 1918 was neither the sight of destroyed homes —I had become used to that sort of thing since 1914—nor that of the empty factory walls or wrecked blast furnaces— I knew they would soon come back to life. It was in the faces and in the eyes of the people who had lived there, faces and eyes that spoke of getting four years older—and what a four years!—without having *lived* them.

The immediate effect of the absolute ignorance of what had been going on in the world—save a few outstanding facts about the military situation, which the Germans could not have withheld from them—was that, after the first few weeks of rejoicings, bitter dissatisfaction with the "fruits of the victory" set in. This was long before President Wilson's surrender at Paris, and had nothing to do with the disappointment in the failure to conclude a democratic peace that spread in progressive circles all over the world. The dissatisfaction of the Belgians was due to ignorance more than to knowledge, and originated in the narrowness of a national outlook that had not been widened since August, 1914. It had shrunk instead, since the silent suffering under German occupation had transformed the fervent hope of the restoration of Belgium's freedom into a fixed area, which was as exclusive and narrow as it was intense. In their ignorance of all that had happened since 1914 to widen the character and the issues of the conflict, the Belgians of 1919 still viewed it as they had viewed it in 1914. Then France and England had come to Belgium's help. They were victorious now, and so they would see to it that everything was restored to the same state as before. The mass of the people undoubtedly believed that once the Germans were gone, Belgium would be immediately restored, so that everybody might go back to work. They thought that Belgium's allies would have no other concern than to provide them with everything they would need, which they felt sure would be sent along in myriads of trainloads and barges from places where it had been kept in store behind the front.

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They knew nothing of the problems that had to be faced in every other country, and were unable to look at Belgium's restoration as what it had become, namely, one part of the reconstruction of the whole world.

These are but a few indications of the very low national "*morale*" that prevailed in the winter of 1918-'19. The main causes of discontent were the practically undiminished extent of the unemployment, the differences over wages and labor conditions when work was resumed, the antagonism between the industrial population and the profiteering farmer, the difficulties which the Government encountered with its necessary policy of price fixing and licensing the exterior trade, and last but not least, the old conflict about the use of the Flemish and French languages, which the Germans had embittered and poisoned by using Flemish as a means to foster dissension.

The effect of all this was aggravated by a general lowering of the level of public morality, similar in many of its causes and manifestations to what happened in Germany at the same time. It was marked by a distinct relaxation of the rules of sexual ethics and a formidable increase of all forms of criminality, from petty larceny to armed robbery and common murder. The intensity of the prolonged nervous strain, combined with underfeeding, probably had a good deal to do with it. Its main cause, however, seemed to be the German policy of food requisition and distribution. The Germans requisitioned the main agricultural products, using most of them for their own purposes, and leaving the rest on the Belgian market, without fixing maximum rations, so that most of it went to the rich, who bought it at exorbitant prices, instead of to the neediest. This resulted in extensive smuggling and stealing. Smuggling, and trading in goods and food, stolen from the German commissariat or obtained by bribery from German soldiers and officials, became a regular institution. Everybody did it. The food thus obtained made life a little more bearable. Quite a number of people made a regular living by smuggling. Unemployment, misery and the presence of a large army of occupation also encouraged prostitution. Looting of German dumps of every description was a normal occurrence in all parts of the country for several weeks after the Germans had gone. The discharged soldier, who often had become an unemployed workman, with very inadequate allowances,

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further complicated the problem. Hatred of the profiteering farmer frequently tempered popular condemnation of the attacks and robbery of farms by armed bands, which were a daily occurrence the winter before last.

The general demoralization also extended to the army, where complaints about undue slowness in demobilization and inadequate allowances for the discharged soldiers were universal, while most of the officers made matters worse by trying to maintain by force an exterior discipline which the soldiers felt had become unnecessary since the fighting had ceased.

To sum up, there was such an amount of incendiary material accumulated in Belgium in the earlier part of 1919, that a spark might have set the whole country aflame. Everyone who was familiar with the temper of the Belgian people at that time, especially that of the workman and the soldier, knew that if anyone not altogether unfit to act as a leader, with some semblance of an organization behind him, had got up then and preached the gospel of revolution and proletarian dictatorship, and if the official leaders of the Labor Party and the trade unions had but kept neutral in the matter, a seizure of power by the masses would have been as easy in Brussels as it was in Petrograd.

Belgium was ripe for Bolshevism; but there were no Bolsheviki. The reason was that the Labor Party, which represents the mass of Belgian labor to a greater extent even than German Social-Democracy ever represented the German proletariat, or than the British Labor Party now represents the British worker, would not have it. The party leaders deliberately put a brake on all manifestations of social discontent save those that were useful for the orderly reconstruction of the country as a democratic industrial commonwealth.

What made this task comparatively easy for the Labor Party was that it had not been split, like the Socialist and Labor organizations in all other countries, over its policy in the war. Perfect unanimity had prevailed, from the 3rd of August, 1914, on, about the duty of the Belgian proletariat to take part in the defence of the national independence. Some slight differences of opinion had occurred in 1917 and 1918, about the desirability of supporting the proposed Stockholm conference, a minority being in favor, while the majority claimed that it was useless and dangerous to meet

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the German majority Social-Democrats as long as they supported the war policy of their government. The same cleavage of opinion occurred after the armistice when the question of resuming international relations came up. But this was a mere difference of opinion in tactics which never affected the fundamental issue.

Perhaps it is useful to say here that the Belgian Labor Party is not a party in the ordinary sense, not a mere political organization. It is in fact a federation of every form of militant labor organization in the country, with a socialistic programme, aiming at public ownership of all means of production. Besides a nucleus of purely political and educational organizations, it consists in the main of trade unions, cooperative consumer's organizations, and mutual insurance societies. Although there is a small sprinkling of bourgeois intellectuals among its leaders—represented by 17 out of 70 of its representatives in the Chamber of Deputies—it is purely a labor body. The average workingman belongs to the Labor Party in many more ways than are expressed by his vote or his political affiliation. His trade union, the cooperative store where his family buys, the "Mutual Benefit" society that insures him against unemployment through sickness, the library where he gets his books, the fire and life insurance society where he carries a policy, the "labor bank" in which he deposits his savings, the theatrical or musical club where he spends his Sunday evenings, the café and the cinema of the "*Maison du Peuple*" which he haunts —all that and a good deal more, is part and parcel of the Labor Party which is the living embodiment of all his aspirations, political and otherwise, as a workingman. This is another reason why the prestige of the Labor Party and its hold on the masses have increased during the war. Although most of the trade unions were "asleep" those four years owing to the stagnation of industry, their leaders were active as labor representatives on the many boards and committees that were responsible for the local and national relief work and the payments of grants to the unemployed. The cooperative consumers' societies, on the other hand, played an essential part in the distribution of supplies. The successful endeavors of the cooperative bakeries in keeping the price of bread low, against the wishes of the private bakers, would alone have justified their existence. No wonder that the "*Maison du Peuple,*" as the headquarters of these co-

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operative associations, which also harbor most of the other forms of labor organizations, are called, were more than ever the rallying points of Belgian Labor. More than 600 new cooperative societies were formed during the war. Today they are, in spite of the lack of capital which the extension of their business had made them feel more acutely, more numerous and more prosperous than ever.

When the Labor Party resumed its political activity after the evacuation of Belgium by the Germans, it had to choose between two policies. It could have used the widespread discontent, due to the causes which I have attempted to sketch, to increase its power as a party of opposition to the present social order. Without assuming any responsibility itself in the reconstruction of the country, its criticism of the ruling classes and parties would have been all the more effective as the problem of reorganizing the economic fabric was obviously insoluble without the goodwill and support of the working class. It can hardly be doubted that by following this course it would have precipitated an upheaval leading to some form of proletarian dictatorship. Even if the ruling classes had had the power to prevent this—which I do not think they had, as they were demoralized and disunited, and could not have relied on the army—they would probably have been glad to let things go ahead that way, and see the Labor Party alone try to extricate itself from the mess of national disorganization and carry the blame of its probable failure.

The alternative policy, to which the Labor Party unanimously and practically without discussion committed itself, as the logical outcome of its attitude during the war, was to renounce the propagandistic advantage of a purely critical attitude, and to collaborate with the other parties in reorganizing the country, while using its power to secure as square a deal for labor as circumstances would permit. Consequently three socialists, acting as delegates of the Labor Party, entered the Cabinet, together with representatives of the two "bourgeois" parties. Vandervelde took the portfolio of Justice, Anseele that of Public Works, and Wauters that of Industry and Labor, to which was attached the administration of food, fuel and supplies. The latter department was by far the most important and carried the heaviest burden in the reconstruction work. A good deal of the credit for its success is due to the energetic and businesslike

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way in which Minister Wauters acquitted himself of his task.

The Labor Party thus gave its support to the Government after agreement had been reached on a programme of reforms which had been on the labor platform for years. They were:

1. The suppression of plural suffrage, with the granting of a single vote to every male citizen of 21 years of age, the question of woman suffrage to be decided later by the new constituent assembly. This was carried out immediately by ministerial decree, in an extra-legal way for which the lack of constitutional validity of all legislative authorities since the war was quoted as a justification.

2. The suppression of article 310 of the Penal Code, which puts extra penalties on acts of violence or intimidation when perpetrated in connection with labor disputes. This law is still on the statute book, but is no longer applied, and the new Government stands pledged to its abrogation.

3. The granting of unlimited right of coalition to all state employees. This includes all the railway workers, who had been thus far prevented from forming militant unions. This was done immediately (granting them the basic eight-hour day at the same time) with the result that the railwaymen are practically all organized with the Labor Party, or "red" unions.

In addition to these reforms, the Ministry for Industry and Labor played a great part in reorganizing industry on a new basis, with collective bargaining and direct representation of the labor unions in industrial councils for the prevention and settlement of labor disputes as its cornerstones. These industrial councils now exist, both nationally and locally, in the coal-mining and metallurgic industries, in the Flanders textile industry, at the port of Antwerp, and in many other instances. They succeeded in averting or settling a large number of labor disputes, so that the total number of strikes in Belgium in the first seven months of 1919 (the latest figure available) was only 194, involving 55,370 workmen, a very low total considering the circumstances; 108 of these strikes were settled by conciliation, and a large number of potential struggles involving a very much greater number of men were averted in the same way through the intervention of the Government.

Collective bargaining with government support resulted

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in the acceptance of the eight-hour day (though mitigated in some cases by gradual introduction extending over a period of one year), the minimum wage principle and national wage tariffs, in such basic industries as mining and metallurgy, with many other applications in smaller departments.

Simultaneously, the "red" labor unions (the usual designation of the "socialist and independent unions" directly or indirectly affiliated with the Labor Party as opposed to the comparatively insignificant Roman Catholic or neutral unions) went ahead with gigantic strides. Their national federation, which comprised about 160,000 members at the outbreak of the war, mustered more than six hundred thousand in November last.

The political progress made by Belgian labor, as exemplified by the general elections held in November last, is none the less important for not being as much in the nature of a landslide as the headway made by the trade unions. This is due to the fact that before the war, the labor unions had remained somewhat behind the development of the political and cooperative strength of labor. The fact that the number of Socialist deputies increased from 34 to 70 is due in large measure to the suppression of plural suffrage whilst the same circumstance makes a comparison of the number of votes with the previous returns impossible. On the other hand, the Belgian system of proportional representation, with its extremely minute adjustment of the number of deputies to the number of voters for each party, makes the shifting of power from one party to another very much less sudden and catastrophic than it would be under similar circumstances in England or the United States. But even so, the result of the elections marks a fundamental change in national politics. It has deprived the Roman Catholic (conservative) party of the majority which it had held for twenty-eight years. It severely crippled the Liberal (bourgeois progressive) party. It gave the Labor Party more than one-third of the votes and of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies. Out of a total of 1,743,157 votes the Labor Party polled 644,499, the Catholic conservatives 618,505, the dissident Catholics 45,197, the Liberals 309,463, and the smaller groups together 124,493. As no party thus had a majority, the question of participating in the new Government naturally arose again before the Labor Party, which

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had become the umpire of the situation. The definite formation of the Cabinet was postponed till after the special convention of the Labor Party, which assembled on November 30th, 1919, and before which the tentative programme evolved by the members of the old cabinet was put for approval. The problem was solved in the same spirit as when the first "reconstruction cabinet" was formed after the armistice. Perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the new conditions was that the old issue between "clericals" (the Roman Catholic party) and "anticlericals" (the Liberal and Labor parties) was dead as the natural consequence of the disappearance of the Catholic majority. Some of the Liberals tried to revive it, as they desired to form an "anticlerical" cabinet with the Labor Party, but they found no support with the latter. This has cleared the road for a Government with a programme limited to problems of economic and administrative reconstruction, in a democratic spirit and along constructive lines. The Convention of the Labor Party, after two days of discussion, remarkably free from heat or personal animosity, decided with a majority of 1,415 votes to 146 in favor of supporting the cabinet and delegating four representatives to be its members, the new Socialist minister being Jules Destree, receiving the portfolio of Education. The minority, whilst disclaiming any extremist or destructive tendencies, opposed participation in the Government on the ground, mainly based on doctrinal consideration, that the Labor Party would have a stronger influence in favor of social reform if it remained in the opposition.

The present Government programme has taken over from the previous cabinet the suppression of article 310 of the Penal Code, (the anti-picketing clause) which the former Government had failed, for technical reasons, to carry out. In addition, it stands pledged to the introduction in the Constitution of the same form of equal male suffrage that was already in operation at the last election, whilst removing all constitutional obstacles to its extension to women. It has further promised legal enactment of the resolutions of the international Labor Conference, especially as regards the eight-hour day, and tentative nationalization of the coal mines in the new Campine coal district, as an experiment by future policies in that direction may be decided.

With regard to the settlement of labor disputes, it has

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committed itself to the principle that "organized labor should be given a right to cooperate in the management of industry." On other important issues, like the democratic reform of the army and of the system of taxation, provision for the housing of workmen, etc., its programme is rather vague, and the effort to conciliate the interests of various classes without commitment to anything too definite is visible. It is felt by everybody, of course, that the future policy of the Government will correspond to what the balance of power, especially of industrial power, will be in the country. But the outlook of the Labor Party is all the more hopeful as the whole situation is now dominated by the fear of the other parties to see the next elections give a square majority to labor should the Government fail to satisfy the present expectations of the workers, who form the majority of the population, and the largest homogeneous political power in the country.

As it stands now, the Belgian record is remarkable enough as an experiment in constructive industrial democracy to deserve being heeded abroad, not only by Democrats and Socialists, but by all those who are interested in the solution of the dilemma: Revolution or Evolution?

HENRY DE MAN.

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PHASES OF UNREST

I—THE RIVETS OF SOCIETY

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE radical agitators, the I. W. W., and the growing number of people in this world who would set up the rule of the proletariat, have a remarkably easy propaganda, with a simple but most effective prescription. It is this: tell a crowd that they are not getting their just rights, that something is being withheld from them which they should have, that they are the real working force of the world, that all things come from them, and that instead of cashing in according to ability, they are but slaves to a sinister system called " capitalism." The remedy is plain. The way to gain all of the good things in the world, to possess what each individual may want, is not to work, but simply to take from capital.

Nearly everyone has a smarting sense of some injustice done him. It is nice to bundle up all wrongs and send them to " capital." It is the exquisitely human course, and the solution suggested is so simple, the wonder is not that Bolshevism has gone so far, but rather that it has not gone farther.

Lenin and the Bolshevist leaders know perfectly what capital is; they would abolish the use of money and the private ownership of the means of production. They quarrel with the ownership of capital, not with capital. They would do away with the money idea of capital, but they are far too skilled in the ways of human nature to go counter to the world-old habit of having a medium of exchange. Instead, they confiscate goods for the benefit of the State, and also gold—for gold may be used outside of the borders of Russia—and then teach the uselessness of money by issuing it just as fast as the presses will turn it out. They know full well that the value of a national paper currency de-

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pends wholly upon what it is covered by, and that it will not be covered by anything at all unless it is issued in direct ratio to production. They are issuing money without regard to the fundamental laws, so that soon there will be so much of it that it will represent nothing at all and people will stop thinking in terms of money. There is real propaganda!

"It would be nonsense," says Lenin, in effect, "to tell people that money is useless when anyone may go down to the market place and buy what he likes provided he has the money. But if money is rendered useless by over-issue, the people, failing to understand that the fault is not with the money but with the way of issuing it, will put the blame on money as such and be ready to abolish it."

But how is Lenin being answered? We all know that capital accumulates only as production outstrips consumption. During the war years consumption has been outrunning production—we have not been producing, but destroying. Although the world's factories have been working night and day, a good part of what they made was to destroy and to be destroyed while destroying. England and the United States were the big producing countries, but it is doubtful if either country now has as much real wealth as it had in 1914, in spite of all the production. But without trying to answer the question as to England and the United States, certainly France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, and Europe generally are poorer in real wealth than before the war. But everyone of them has much more money! And everyone speaks of this money just as though it were wealth—as though it were capital—as though great sums of new capital had been created, when all that has been done is to use a new kind of arithmetic. The Governments have just demonstrated conclusively to the man who thinks that capital is money, that not work alone creates it, but that a very fair job may be done with the pen and the printing press, and that, really, work is not so important as it was assumed to be. A man doing less work than ever before (for the working man is not over-exerting himself in these days) finds himself with a hundred dollars in his hand—and in all of his previous life of hard work he had never been able to hold a hundred dollar bill and call it his own. If money comes so easy, why then work?

But that man cannot be made to recognize why the pur-

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chasing power of money is less—why we have so many dollars that buy so little—without letting him know what capital is. And here all of our nomenclature is in favor of the Bolshevist and against the proponent of the fundamentals of the present system. You say that capital does not mean the corporate term "capitalization," but that in the case of a corporation its real capital is its assets and not the amount of its capital stock. Then he answers, Why do so many legislators and public officers declaim about the evils of "combinations of capital" and cite the wealth of individuals or the capitalization of companies in support? You have to tell him that human nature demands an anthropomorphous evil—something with personal horns on it—and that putting a man into public office does not make an economist out of him, whatever else it may make. All of which is unconvincing in the extreme.

If the fundamental relation between labor and capital is sound, if the present basis of society is reasonable, then why cannot its argument be put forth with even a fraction of the potency of the anti-capitalists? Instead of attacking revolutionary socialism as organized robbery of the thrifty, for the benefit of the shiftless, it is answered by more or less insane denunciations and by investigations conducted through Congressional and other committees, who parade all of the commonplaces, and give anarchistic theories many times as much publicity as they would otherwise have had. The remedies suggested are deportation and jail.

It does not require any deep-seated erudition to discover, for all practical purposes, what capital is and what capital does.

For instance, take the prevailing idea, preached from every soap-box, that capital pays wages. Every thinking man knows that it does nothing of the kind. Wages must be paid out of production; what capital does is to provide the means for production.

If the worker knew that production alone pays wages and that capital, properly managed, facilitates production, then he would not so gladly embrace the doctrine now so extensively advocated in England, that in the future, "work is to be a mere incident to life" and play will be the big thing. He would know that the I. W. W. orator was talking nonsense when he declared that one hour's work a day would be sufficient for all the needs of the world, and that

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after the worker had put in the single hour, all the remaining fruits of his labor went to capital. He would know that capital rarely consists of money and that, when it is money, it is non-productive and of no use to its owner, even though that owner, with equal ignorance, asserts that the money is worth 6 per cent. A very slight knowledge of what capital is and does would have avoided the recent coal situation in Great Britain; it would have taught the workers of England that, in advocating the stand of the miners which resulted in an addition of six shillings to a ton, they were taking bread out of the mouths of themselves and their children, and it would have made unnecessary this pointed statement to the workers of England by W. A. Appleton, president of the International Confederation of Labor:

> The price we pay for coal will be measured by the number of unemployed and the rates of sickness we shall have to deal with . . . and by the cost of food and raw materials.
>
> There are some who hope to escape the consequence by means of Government subsidies. Their hopes are futile. The State has reached its limit in this direction. Already it subsidizes bread (fifty millions of pounds), railways (sixty millions), and housing (amount undetermined); and it has on its hands about a million men whom the war has left derelict. Any further grants will but hasten the bankruptcy of Britain. Yesterday we lived on our savings and our earnings; today we are living on credit; tomorrow, if we live at all, we shall be living on charity. That is the price we shall pay for dear coal and dear transport.
>
> Is there any way out? There is; but it will be via the mine, the mill, and the workshop, and not via Westminster. Work, rather than politics, will save the situation, though it will not save the suffering which the past three years' economic foolishness has stored up. Revolution, if you like; strike, if you like! But neither revolution nor strike will fill empty stomachs, nor clothe the unclothed bodies, nor provide houses. These will but add to the price we pay for coal.

But the workers do not know what capital is, for the most excellent reason that there has been no one to teach them. The study of economics in America has been shunned as though it were one of the black arts. The whole economics of business has been shrouded in mystery—probably because for so many years this country took an abundant living out of the ground.

We have relied greatly upon the sanctity of property rights as a substitute for the teaching of economics. Those who have taught this sanctity with the greatest earnestness

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have been those who have had the greatest amount of property. So thoroughly did this sanctity impress them that they deluded themselves into thinking that rights of property were greater than the rights of humanity—more particularly when the rights of property were theirs and the rights of humanity belonged to someone else. Now there is evinced considerable surprise that these teachings of the rights of property have not impressed those who have no property nearly as strongly as they impress the sponsors for property.

To the man without property the agitator cries:

"Come with me and you shall have property," while the capitalist, on the other side of the street, murmurs, almost inaudibly:

"Come with me and you may have a look at my property."

Is there any reason why the agitator should not get the audience?

I have yet to know of any campaign, of any sustained, or even any sporadic attempt, to show to the working man, with demagogic vehemence, that his future welfare, that his progress in life, that the comfort of his wife, and that the careers of his children, depend upon his getting into the capitalistic class just as quickly as possible. That being a capitalist is not a matter of abdominal girth; that the *amount* of money has nothing to do with the classification; but that being a capitalist is just a matter of having money go out to work for you and bring home its wage.

The idea of thrift has been preached, but more commonly in a negative rather than a positive way. More emphasis has been put upon the self-denial than upon any other feature. It is the moral side—the discipline of character through thrift and all that sort of thing—which has been fondly dwelt on, rather than the fact that there are two ways of making money: the one by your own personal exertions, and the other by having money work for you.

You cannot take away the desire to rail at capital as such, unless you destroy the mystery surrounding it. The best way to destroy that mystery is to have every man, woman, and child a capitalist. If there is such a thing as a capitalist class, then let us all be members of it—we are practically all of us members of the working class as it is. It is essentially a matter of education (which word is among the most abused in our language). But we can educate backward as well as forward.

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And it is the backward-looking sort of education that probably the majority of people have had on capital in business. They know it only from the lurid pictures of the agitators, and when they do see the thing, they are mightily surprised to discover that it stands for something very different from what they thought.

The only way that people in general can receive an education in economics is from their own experience. They will not get it out of books. They have to be taught; they have to be taught by providing them with the ways and means to become familiar with what the ownership of capital means, by owning some of it themselves. It cannot be expected that people will care about the preservation of society unless they have a worth-while interest in it.

That this is a fact, is shown conclusively by the anti-Bolshevistic record of those countries whose peoples have something at stake, as contrasted with those countries where the most of the people have nothing at all at stake. In those countries where the people own, Bolshevism has made no progress. Where they do not own, but merely work for others, and live from day to day, Bolshevism is a welcome respite from labor.

First take Russia. The average Russian has nothing; a few have a great deal. Savings deposits give an idea—not exact but symptomatic: the number of depositors was only slightly over nine million out of a total population of 176 million. Spain has only about half a million depositors out of 20 millions of people.

Take these figures in connection with the progress of Bolshevism. Russia, although the average deposit per inhabitant is by no means the lowest in the world, has a very small number of depositors as compared with the numerous population—roughly, only one person out of twenty has any money at all. Those who know money only by hearsay greatly outnumber those who know it by touch and smell. Is it at all surprising that the twenty without property enthusiastically grasped at taking away the money from the one?

It is further to be noted in the progress of the proletariat in Russia that, although the division of the large tracts of land was held to be a splendid idea, none of the small holders are recorded as coming forward cheerfully to chip in

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their land so that a complete new deal might be had all around. Communism in practice seems to mean taking what the other fellow has, while keeping a firm hold on your own.

Spain's *per capita* savings are very low and the distribution among the inhabitants is even worse than that of Russia. Consequently, one would expect to find, and does find, Spain so seething with Bolshevism that, had she entered the war, undoubtedly the organized Government would have fallen. Spain needed only a taste of the rigors of war to translate discontent into rebellion. As it was, she kept out of the war and managed, by high wages drawn from the sale of supplies to the Allies at exorbitant prices, to etherize the people for the time being.

Hungary's *per capita* deposits are four times greater than those of Russia and one in every ten persons has some kind of a bank account. And, although in the present state of the Hungarian currency those bank accounts are well nigh worthless, that realization has not as yet dawned upon the people. They solidly resisted Bolshevistic rule. The coup of Bela Kun was planned and financed in Russia; it had behind it all the cleverness gained in the Russian experience; it was altogether the best-planned thing of the kind that the world has ever known. By all calculations, the people, beaten in war, half-starved, and frantic with despair, should eagerly have embraced the proletarian doctrine. But they did nothing of the kind. Too many of them knew capital by ownership—not by hearsay; the owning minority constituted a sufficient leaven in the mass of the populace to cause them to resist the movement which had as its final object the destruction of all capital. Where Lenin and Trotzky gained Russia almost with a gesture, Bela Kun, in spite of the terrible condition of Hungary, in spite of having a splendidly organized propaganda behind him, never really gained a foothold.

But the remarkable example of the bulwark of savings is Germany. We heard a great deal about revolution in Germany; we have all of us read lurid accounts of the activities of the Spartacists, of the Soldiers' and Workers' Councils everywhere set up, of the capture of Hamburg, Bremen, Essen, Düsseldorf, Munich, and of the imminence of an out and out proletarian Government for the country. Ger-

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many is the home of Socialism. The Marx theories which dominated the Russian upheaval were born in Germany; the Germans winked at and covertly aided Lenin and Trotzky in their final descent upon Russia. Hundreds of thousands of their soldiers were exposed to Bolshevistic propaganda; their people were half starved, their currency had depreciated, and *morale* had sunk very low. But, in spite of all this, the Spartacists, who correspond, chapter and verse, to the Bolshevists, never gained anything that might be called headway in Germany.

The accounts which we received were grossly exaggerated; I travelled the length and breadth of the country when it was supposed to be in revolution, 1918-1919. There was not at any time, before or after the Armistice, a strike even approaching the importance of the Winnipeg strike; there was never the slightest danger that proletarian rule would be set up in a permanent way. Of the various well-planned attempts, the most successful—that in Munich—lasted less than a month. The " revolutionary " flurries since that time have been magnified by the incompetence of the Government and the propaganda that wants garrisons on the Rhine banks. The truth about Germany is not news. Why should Germany, with every pro-Bolshevistic factor present, have been able to throw off the rule almost without effort?

Here is one reason: Germany, with less than 70 million people, has more than 25 million depositors, and the average deposit is the highest in the world. There is a savings account to every three people! The Bolshevists had almost nothing to work on. They got nowhere. There were too many people inside looking out to bother with those outside looking in. And the workers who had no savings were mostly members of trade unions, and they were equally against the Spartacists—for the Spartacists wanted the union funds.

Take the case of Holland. It is not generally known that, outside of Russia, one of the strongest of drives to overthrow the government and set up a proletariat was made in the Netherlands. The Hague has always been a sink to catch the political riff-raff of the whole world; the radicals of Europe drifted into Holland, and they planned to take over the Government. It does not need more than a couple of hundred armed and determined men to seize the seat of any Government, cut all means of communication, and

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occupy the railroad stations. A few determined spirits will quickly frighten thousands into joining them and, in addition, there is always a considerable floating mass of population waiting around for something to turn up. A coup requires determination—not numbers.

The Dutch are a thrifty nation; they do not put money in the banks or savings institutions, simply because they have never acquired that habit. Instead, they have deeply ingrained the investing and speculating habits. That Dutchman is poor, indeed, who is not possessed of at least a few certificates of stock in something or other, and the Amsterdam Exchange is, in proportion to the population it serves, the most active in the world. The ordinary middle-class Hollander will have all of his personal fortune either in cash in his pocket or in securities in his strong box; unless he is a man of great means, or his business requires a certain amount of discount, he will not have a bank account. He has figured out that he can invest as well as the bank can and, therefore, why should he take a low rate of interest from a bank in preference to a high rate which he can get by buying stocks, bonds, or commercial paper? Whether his financial habits are good or bad is beside the point here, but it is a fact which stands out that every person above the age of ten in that flat, green country which we call the Netherlands, knows what capital is. He knows that it is not held by anyone in particular, but by everybody in general. For he has himself sent his own mite, perhaps only a hundred florins, to the Dutch East Indies, and has seen it come back greater than when it started. He does not waste his time quarreling with phantom windmills, he does not attack capital as such—for he knows what it is. If those to whom he entrusts his money are faithless, then he attacks them as individuals, and not as a class. For, in Holland, more than in any other country in Europe, is capitalism democratic.

Consider what happened. The Bolshevists made their plans; they made great headway with the boys composing the army—for guarding the border had become most monotonous and the army was discontented. It looked as though the radicals would gain control. But not a bit of it. The plain people gathered around the banks as defense headquarters; they organized military companies of their own, thoroughly armed and equipped; they put up private wire-

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less stations so that communication could not be interrupted. In any house that had a window commanding a vital stretch of street, they planted a machine gun or two. And, having done all this, they felt themselves perfectly qualified to discuss any plan by which their possessions were to be given over to the Communists.

It is scarcely necessary to add that something most convenient happened to the revolutionary schedule and that the revolution did not arrive.

Take the case of England. The English worker is not thrifty. Years ago he had no opportunity to become thrifty, because he scarcely made enough money to live, let alone to save. But, now that he is making more money, he is better pleased to work only long enough to provide sustenance and a little over; instead of working the extra days for his savings account, he prefers to spend them in idleness. He hardly knows what saving is. He has never been introduced to it. Is there any reason for our wonder that Bolshevism has made such startling progress throughout England? Or that the miners, the ship workers, and other large classes, are closer to the Social Democrats than to the Trade Unionists?

The extreme radicals of England—the people who believe in direct action—and preach it with eloquence, are not foreigners. Most of them are Scotchmen; the number of foreigners in the English working population is so small as almost to be negligible. It is worse than foolish to talk about radical socialism as a foreign product. Discontent is indigenous to all soils, and it only needs someone to raise the bogey of capitalism to center that discontent against capital.

Capitalists may be individual bogeys. A capitalistic dictatorship may or may not be worse than a proletarian dictatorship, but that is beside the point and is a deal like deciding between hanging and electrocution; the normal man does not have to decide between either. What we do know is that those countries where the holdings of capital are widespread do not want any form of communism, while those countries where the people know property only as something for them to respect from afar, rather welcome communism, for it to them represents a getting and not a giving. Perhaps this would seem to put the formation of society on a basis of ultimate selfishness and to abandon idealism. Unfortunately idealism reaches its maximum ex-

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pression when the idealist is dealing with something that belongs to somebody else. But without pursuing the inquiry into what is the animating force of society, it is surely quite logical to hold that a full knowledge of the exact system under which this country is now living—quite apart from the individuals who happen to be most prominent in the system—is pre-requisite to deciding that some other system is better. Would it not be well for as many as possible of us to know what we are now about before we try something that is as yet unproven?

And it is equally evident that a person does not become an understanding part of the capitalistic system unless he has capital; nearly everyone knows the system from the worker's side, for nearly everyone is now or has been a worker. But by no means all of the people—in fact very few workers—know the system from the capitalistic side.

Is it feasible for everyone to know both sides? Would it be possible without making an arbitrary division of the world's goods to let those who will become capitalists? I say " those who will," for those who will not, those who prefer to be drones, cannot be taken into account. Communism would compel all to work; capitalism says " work or starve " and then provides that those who cannot work may be saved from starvation. In no conception of society can the drone exist in complete comfort; even where inherited wealth seems to banish work, nature usually steps in to make the inheritor's lot none too happy.

It is possible for all who will eventually to have an amount of capital in accord with the ability and zeal which they show, but it is not possible to have a grand division, if for no other reason than that the productive wealth of the world—the capital—is not in divisible form. But suppose a division were possible, would it be wise? Would the people be better off?

The universal experience of industry (to narrow the field) is that giving away money induces a desire among the recipients that the donations be continued and also opens up the vista of a life without work, but that it does not give any notion of capital or property—and for this reason:

Capital is generated only by an excess of production over consumption. Unless the individual thus gains his own capital, he will not know what it is that he has. Making

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a gift to a man—giving him something that he does not even remotely earn, whether it be in the form of a bonus not related to work or a share in profits which he did not help make—promotes spending but not ownership. Saving is not induced by giving—many amiable souls to the contrary.

Capital is generated by thrift and by nothing else. Thrift is not merely an abstract virtue. The whole system of our society is founded on thrift.

Any effective teaching of thrift must include the provision of an easily comprehended way to practice it. If we teach thrift both in word and in deed, do we not also put steel rivets into the whole framework of society? For Marx himself declares that his theories cannot gain ground in any community when wealth is diffused. The great enemy of Bolshevism is the bank account.

SAMUEL CROWTHER.

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THE PROHIBITION PARADOX

BY LOUIS E. BISCH, M. D.

IF one attempts to evaluate current opinion it would appear that a paradox has occurred in the United States. To be sure, it is a gigantic paradox but, since what is true of an individual can likewise be true of a nation, a little reflection does not make it seem quite so impossible that one hundred million people can earnestly and quite according to rule pass a nation-wide prohibition amendment and yet not really want it.

There is something decidedly mysterious in the way the amendment was pushed through to completion. Not that any unusual politics was played, nor that its victorious passage was the result of trickery, but later events—pro and con discussions rendered privately and publicly—tend to indicate that the amendment does not actually represent in an exhaustive way the full and accurate wishes or feelings of the country as a whole.

Whether prohibition is wise or unwise, whether it can be enforced or whether it will become a dead letter, whether or not it is a potential menace because it will lead persons into other forms of excess, are all questions beside the point here. The premise assumed is that the American people have done something they don't want to do and that they are not doing anything very direct or vital to change it now. What are the hidden motivating forces—the mental mechanisms—that have brought about this condition of apparent contradiction?

One naturally looks to psychology for an explanation —and then, not to the old-time, didactic, laboratory, effect psychology, but rather to the more recent developments that stress the causative factors of human behavior, character

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traits, and unconscious emotional adjustments. The newer psychology of Psychoanalysis has interesting explanations to offer.

Man's conscious life is a very variable thing, a sort of photographic plate taken instantaneously, which changes to some degree every successive instant that a new exposure is made. In other words, a study confined merely to our conscious reactions gives a very misleading idea of what we really think and are. Our actual selves, that which represents us as distinct and characteristic personalities, is something deeper than the conscious. It embodies the resultant of forces from our very conception up to the moment of time the study is made, and it includes various tendencies, ideas and mental processes of every kind which have been modified by our heredity, instincts, parental training, schooling, culture, and other environmental influences. All these are to be found in the unconscious. The unconscious constitutes our real true selves. The conscious is only that portion of our unconscious that happens to be on the surface and in contact for the time being with the outside world. A study of the conscious alone would therefore be misleading in any case. For an understanding of our actual selves we must disentangle the unconscious.

The feeling of the average individual concerning prohibition is apparently that of a man who is impelled to do something by forces unknown to himself, and later, when he comes to realize the consequences of his act, he is at a loss to understand how it all happened. In other words, the conscious is unable to fathom the unconscious. Therefore, one may seek the explanation of the prohibition paradox in an unbiased scientific analysis of the unconscious.

The present time is a fit stage, already set, for calling forth overwhelming emotions on a large scale. Intellectually considered, the war is over, yet we all still feel the war emotionally, and none of us has completely recovered from the various shocks that have had to be endured for the past few years. We have had many a rude awakening; we have made huge sacrifices. In being forced to contend with so much, in being compelled to rearrange so many of our former concepts and ideals, we have had to make many kinds of new adjustments in order to exist at all. And here perhaps is our first analytical consideration. What have we done with all the disagreeable and even heart-rending

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circumstances that have been forced into our conscious thinking?

The mind tries to heal itself just as does a broken bone. And the mind tries to rid itself of a disturbing thought just as the phagocytes act when germs enter the blood stream. Whenever the mind has to deal with upsetting ideas it attempts to remove them from consciousness, it endeavors to forget them, and it rids itself of them by pushing them into the unconscious. This is the process of repression. Repression constitutes the safeguard of our conscious thinking apparatus. It follows then that all of us have more repressions now, during this post-war era, than we would have had during normal times.

A person does not need to be familiar with mental analysis to appreciate the tremendous emotional momentum which manifests itself in the explosions of ordinary hysterical states. One feels intuitively that it represents overwhelming pent-up feeling. Technically, a repression will always fasten itself upon any external circumstance that opportunity affords, provided consciousness will admit it into its realms and let it by. That is why the unconscious of the hysteric often chooses a dinner party. A certain amount of dramatics is necessary to compensate for the degree and depth of the emotional repression. Thus we, collectively considered, try to project our war repressions and fasten them upon likely and timely universal externals. It relieves the strain to objectify, for it tends to put outside of us much that is shut up inside. Prohibition gives us such an opportunity.

What has just been said may be considered from another angle. If there has been a great deal of repression, there must of necessity also be a great deal of unconscious turmoil, and this unconscious unrest must also of necessity have a certain amount of dynamic momentum about it. It is like dropping a "depth bomb" into the Atlantic Ocean in order to get it out of sight. By throwing it overboard you no longer see it, but being a mechanism that goes on working it is bound to explode whether you see it or not. Energy of any description tends to keep on going when once it is started. In like manner, when many mental repressions are forced into the unconscious during a comparatively short period of time, they develop an accumulative momentum effect.

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But supposing these considerations to be true and that all of us are suffering from a state of unconscious unrest which is attempting to adjust itself through some form of external expression, why is it that alcoholic abstinence has been chosen? Upon this rests the crucial explanation of the prohibition paradox.

It must not be forgotten that although we like to consider ourselves cultured human beings, fundamentally we are all animals. The human being is just a certain form of animal life, and although in ordinary social relationship he tends to modify and supplant his animal tendencies by various types and degrees of developed refinement, the fact remains that deep-rooted animal instincts are inherently present and that these frequently constitute a large part of the repressed material to be found in the unconscious.

One of the effects of war upon human character is to permit animal instincts to override culture. Furthermore, the two most fundamental instincts we possess are the instinct of nutrition and the instinct of reproduction, and among the lower forms are living things that feed until they become mature, reproduce their kind, and then die. Their cycle of life is complete when the instincts of nutrition and reproduction have been fulfilled.

We see then, that even before the war many phases of our animal instincts had been repressed through habit. The advent of war added new repressions in the way of many self-denials of one type or another. Yet on the other hand, although new repressions were superimposed, some of the most salient animal traits were first allowed to come to the fore to greater or lesser degree.

This latter was particularly true concerning the instinct of reproduction, which constituted a preliminary safeguard against decimation of the race—an integral part of the larger instinct of self-preservation which everywhere became predominant. Here the compensatory reaction took the form of a sudden increase in marriages on all sides and this, in effect, was simply the reproductive instinct put into practise. Many social taboos and hindrances were swept aside in fulfilling this instinct, and many men and women wondered at their own courage in actually doing what they had hesitated to do so long—their unconscious strivings and repression driving them relentlessly forward to objectification.

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The nutrition instinct, which is so closely allied to that of sex, also sought an outlet. At first it tried to objectify itself by hoarding whatever could be bought. Before long this had to stop. The fulfillment of the instinct which in olden times would have meant the conquering of a neighboring tribe and the pillaging of its food supply was nipped in the bud by the Allies early in the war. Persons were soon taught to save food and curb gastronomic license. In fact, the very process of thus emphasizing the food problem brought nutritive instincts into special prominence—into objective consideration.

Now we can emphasize the nutritional factor of alcohol. We know that alcohol is produced in small amounts when carbohydrates are digested, and a box of chocolates produces in some persons a very mild form of intoxication not unlike that obtained from alcohol. We also know that alcohol is a digestive stimulant. Furthermore, its factor in social relationship goes without saying, and even here we can find a nutrition correlate in the fact that conviviality is an outgrowth of the herding instinct, which simply means the getting together of a group by common consent for the purpose of producing and protecting food supply.

Another factor which suggests itself in this connection is that if alcohol be considered a food any attempt to conserve this particular food would be quite in line with saving all other kinds. Again, it would be natural to cut down the demand for any stimulant that is an appetite producer.

Alcoholism—that is, alcohol taken in excess—was sometimes seen in Europe during the war but it was not really common. When it did occur it represented the breaking down of social barriers (objectification of a nutrition instinct correlate) on the part of individuals in utter disregard of the welfare of others. This article has not concerned itself however with drunkenness or with any of the forms of chronic alcoholism, but rather it has tried to ignore the extremes and abnormalities and has considered it only in its relation to all persons. Generally speaking every adult in this country has had to take a stand concerning alcohol. Either he drinks or he doesn't drink. The frequency and amount do not matter. Many of the people drink at least some of the time, and from now on, most of these same individuals will not drink at all.

Among the aftermaths of this great war the food prob-

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lem still looms large. In some ways it is even more important than before. Although Food Commissions have been abolished and more latitude has been given in eating, the conservation of the supply is still being preached everywhere, while the high cost of foodstuffs is a very convenient substitute for Government edicts.

Alcohol, in its relation to the nutrition instinct outlined above, is also just as important as during the war. And it is just as necessary to repress its mental correlates now as it was then. Like its progenitor, the instinct itself, it attempted to objectify itself. Failing in this, it underwent a secondary repression, which, as is often the case, is a more severe, deep, and sweeping repression than the original, the food conservation as such.

When hostilities suddenly ceased we were keyed up to big things that never happened. The relationship between our conscious and unconscious stood in unstable harmony, while decided turmoil—efforts at new adjustments and attempts to objectify—was the issue in the unconscious. We were in a stage of metamorphosis reaching and towering upward to higher social planes characterized by mutual and joint sacrifices and self-denials. The mechanisms of these gigantic changes were too great, too new, for consciousness to grasp. The dynamics of the unconscious kept on going—a thing which the conscious only vaguely sensed.

We still are in this same stage of unconscious readjustments. We are striving to get settled. Our nutrition instinct was most disturbed and most repressed after trying to objectify, and today it remains, as formerly, an intensely practical issue. The problem of alcohol is intimately linked with that of nutrition. If repression of the latter must be continued, so must repression of the former be continued also.

The prohibition amendment represents these unrecognized, unconscious, dynamic repressions. In a way, it is a symptom or indicator of what is going on inside. These are deep feelings which the average individual does not realize, yet they are none the less relentlessly compelling. That would seem to explain how a nation can do something it really does not want to do. It would seem to explain the prohibition paradox.

LOUIS E. BISCH.

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BIOGRAPHY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—I

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

A GOOD many years ago, when Mr. Howells was fighting manfully his campaign for realism, he remarked that if the novelist could get inside of the heart and brain of a moke, smoking his corn cob pipe on a log, he could produce a portrait which would throw Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* or any other masterpiece, into the shade. I do not believe that this is literally true. I do not believe that the brain of any moke, or of any person now living, be he white, black, or yellow, or mottled, could match Shakespeare's brain in interest. Providence has ordered it so that, although we are all made of the same stuff, that stuff has innumerable varieties, and, humanly speaking, those varieties are not equal in interest, in charm, or in beauty or significance. But we see what Mr. Howells meant, and the fragment of truth in his meaning. And there are many biographies to prove that the excellence and interest of a biography do not depend upon the high position of its subject. If only the biographer can pluck out the heart of a man or a woman, no matter how humble, and reveal it truly, the world will rejoice.

The modicum of truth which the realist's doctrine contained, passed into fiction and other forms of literature, and into painting and into sculpture. The penalty exacted for establishing any truth, is exaggeration, and for a good while realism ran to all lengths. No matter how inane or sordid or putrescent a story might be, if it were one sufficiently strewn with dirt, the realists hailed it as a masterpiece, but in the long run, the taste of the human soul is more to be relied upon, than is that of any doctrinaire, and the time came, when the human soul repudiated the creed of dirt for dirt's sake. But the good which realism had to offer remained, and we see the result in biography not less than in fiction.

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The best biographies written since 1870 are much closer to life than those of the middle and earlier part of the nineteenth century. Of course the adoption of the scientific method, in following which men studied other men, including celebrities, as dispassionately as they studied animals or chemical elements, exerted a structural influence over biography.

Formerly if a biographer were writing about a statesman, for instance, he instinctively carried in his mind the ideal of how a statesman ought to be portrayed; in like fashion the sculptor draped him in a toga, holding a scroll of orations in his left hand. This served as well as a signboard to warn you that the subject was a statesman and orator, and to prepare you to examine the statue properly. If you will compare Stanhope's *Life of William Pitt the Younger,* with John Morley's *Life of Gladstone,* you will perceive the change that had come about in less than a hundred years, in the writing of biographies of statesmen; and even Mr. Morley was less " realistic " than is Mr. Winston Churchill in his life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. This was to be expected for Mr. Gladstone was almost a symbol, and in his life he passed through the typical English experiences at school, at the University, in the Anglican Church, and in Parliament which made him in some respects rather the carrier-on and embodiment of traditions, than a highly individualized person. In their conservatism the English still cling to the medieval habit of setting the place above the man. They write about the Regius Professor at Oxford, or the Dean of St. Paul's, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, without giving their family names, so that unless you have these and a thousand others stored away in your memory, you must consult some reference book in order to discover who the professor was, or the dean in 1830, or in 1860.

This English practice partly accounts, I think, for the difference between English and American biographies of officials. We speak of John C. Calhoun and not of the Senator from South Carolina, of Phillips Brooks, and not of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, of John Marshall, and not of the Chief Justice of the United States, and so of all the rest, whom we refer to by name and not by title, unless there is a particular reason for giving the title. The texture of the lives led by the Americans

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was also so fresh and unconventional that it furnished little excuse for imitating the English practice in terminology. In England the successful man, whatever his profession, rose to this or that office, which may have existed for generations, and so it was natural for him to be known by the office or rank. In the United States, on the other hand, the pioneer in one decade, might be a State Governor or a bishop or a general in the next, and so he was known for himself, and not for his office. A perfect example is Abraham Lincoln whom the most conventional of English biographers would find it impossible to de-individualize. Speaking of Lincoln let me commend in passing a recent biography of him by Lord Charnwood, who though not an American, has succeeded in a remarkable way, in understanding, what I may call the *Americanism* of Lincoln and of his environment.

The nineteenth century and our own have produced many sorts of biography which call for our attention. It took a long time for Boswell's example to influence other biographers. The traditional idea continued that biographies must be constructed according to well-recognized patterns. Just as the "dignity of history" had to be respected, so respect for the "proprieties" had to be observed. The intimate life of a man, his everyday doings, his weaknesses and follies and mistakes, must not be mentioned. But he must be described as being perpetually on parade, the counterpart of the portraits of men in their best apparel. This fashion has by no means passed away. I read, recently, a book on General Robert E. Lee which was so stuffed with virtues that I began to doubt the existence of any virtue, and only when the author stated that General Lee used to take his ease in a rocking-chair, sitting in his stocking-feet, did I perceive that he was a real person.

I must forego any attempt to criticise in detail even the foremost of modern biographies, but I shall touch upon several of them which are representative. Earliest among the British is *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, With Notices of his Life,* by Thomas Moore, which was published in 1830. I can hardly overpraise Byron's own material which forms a considerable part of this work. To me, he seems the best of English letter writers, in the sense that he was the most spontaneous and, so to speak, reckless, uttering his thought or whim of the moment without concern

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for publication or discretion. Most of the other famous letter writers are conscious that posterity is looking over their shoulder while they write. With Stevenson, a letter was not like a private, unpremeditated chat with a friend, but a set, literary performance in which all was premeditated and wrought with his highest skill as a literary artist.

The substance of Byron's letters is often disappointing, because it belongs to the baser side of his nature, and we are irritated and grieved to find a genius like his seemingly to prefer the lower levels. But as human documents his journals, and especially his letters, are invaluable. Moore's connecting narrative, though in the main, good, is not remarkable. He wrote as a practiced literary man, not as a born biographer. His style is smooth, and rather graceful, but more antiquated now than Boswell's, and he evidently suffers by contrast with the rush and vividness and humor and finality of Byron's. Like most of us, Moore used a trowel, Byron carried a poniard. We smile now or moralize, as we remember that, a century ago, some of the critics esteemed Moore as superior to Byron, even in poetry, and they regarded Byron as the luckiest of men to have Moore for a biographer.

This merely illustrates the widespread fallacy which still survives, that anybody can write a biography. Moore, being a popular poet, must necessarily be a great biographer; but they would not have predicted that he would be the best man to choose to compose a symphony or to paint a portrait. Formerly, when any distinguished citizen—lawyer or judge, merchant or writer—died, it was taken for granted that his clergyman, if he had one, would write his life, unless his wife, sister, or cousin were preferred—a still more foolish custom. I recall only one biography by a widow which was really successful, Mrs. Kingsley's *Life of Charles Kingsley*. On the other hand, I could mention several which were marred because the widow interfered with the biographer, or even guided the pen while he wrote. After the family have found a writer whose judgment and discretion they can trust, they should religiously refrain from meddling. A witty English friend of mine, whose cousin, Sir Alfred Lyall, was writing the life of Lord Dufferin, said to me: "I think Sir Alfred would agree with you that suttee should be made compulsory on the widows of celebrities."

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The next important biography in English to follow that of Byron, was Lockhart's *Life of Scott.* It added no new variety to the art, but it is an admirable example of excellence without originality. Lockhart wrote well. He avoided passing fashions in style; he adhered to a chosen vocabulary and to a chosen scale. He felt emotions himself and he could describe them in Scott, and he possessed the rare gift of being simple, when the emotions themselves were most intense.

But Lockhart's defect was in drawing his portrait on too vast a scale. His biography stretches to nine volumes, some four thousand octavo pages. What an elephantine gift to hand on to poor posterity, our after-comer, imaginary like Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris, who is to read all the books which we leave unread, to crown with laurel the innumerable heads of genius which we have neglected, to convert, by some strange alchemy, our mountains of lies into truth, and to do justice to unhonored reputations!

Lockhart narrates in too great detail; he lacks that power of selection, which stamps the man of genius in any art. He quotes too copiously from Scott's letters and journals. Scott, unlike Byron, not being a vivacious and swift letter writer, does not provide first-rate biographical material in his correspondence. He is informational rather than imaginative or temperamental. A wiser selector than Lockhart would have made a separate work of Scott's journals of travel—as Boswell published Johnson's *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland.* But, after all, Scott was so nobly human in nature, so true in heart, so wholesome, that I find it hard to blame Lockhart for telling us too much about him.

Selection! The discerning Greeks did not make a muse of her because they took it for granted that she was a necessary part of every muse. During the past century she has been the most neglected of all. Time was, when an author or other artist worked only under the stress of a compelling inspiration. But, among moderns, authorship, or the other arts, is a trade. Only early death can prevent a novelist today from filling a ten-foot book shelf. Our leading American master of fiction has eighty volumes or more to his credit. Carlyle, as has been well said, preached the fatuity of speech and the excellence of silence, in twenty large volumes. Balzac left three times that number, and the pro-

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lific Alexandre Dumas *Père,* has been explained as a syndicate and not as an individual. Victor Hugo—but why go on? The multi-vocal H. G. Wells gets out three books a year; much must be allowed, however, to the pioneer who, as early as 1918, amazed the world by discovering God; and since Mr. Wells has a remarkable business sense, we may be sure that he took out a patent on his discovery.

Does not this volubility imply that writing no longer waits on inspiration? Your successful novelist turns out his 2000 or 2500 words a day, as regularly and with as little wear and tear on his brain, as your popular baker achieves his daily stint of mixing, cutting and frying a thousand doughnuts. Writing and baking have become trades. This result is confirmed by biographies also; for modern biography has been noticeably affected by fiction. In England, financial motives have also caused biographies, as well as novels, to swell in bulk. For a long time three volumes was the accepted limit of a novel, that limit being fixed by the willingness of a sufficient number of buyers to pay a guinea for a three-volume novel. Latterly, when four or five shillings, or seven and six, mark the price which the greatest number of readers will pay for their fiction, the text is correspondingly shortened. For a long time past, a guinea has been the traditional sum to be paid for a biography, and as no publisher could, with blushing, give less than two volumes of paper, binding and presswork for that figure, biographies have been written to fill two volumes. Hence the appalling list of two-volume lives of British statesmen and ecclesiastics, irrespective of the fact that many of them could be adequately embalmed in a hundred pages, whereas a few of the others might deserve a thousand pages. The standard of biography is set by fashion and the publishers, at two volumes, but Mr. Gladstone and some bishops and archbishops be so strong that they come to three volumes.

What becomes of the artist—and, as I have so often insisted, the biographer must be an artist—if he is forced for the pecuniary profit of his publisher, to ignore his art and to inflate three or four signatures of text into a thousand pages? Even biographers who are above sacrificing any ideal for commercial reasons, often fail because they have neither the requirements of art nor any training. Mrs. Charles Kingsley, for example, wrote her life of her husband

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in two volumes, but she subsequently reduced it to one, and the improvement must be evident to every reader.

In judging novelists and biographers, therefore, we must understand what size convention prescribed for their works. Suppose that a sculptor had to make his statues, irrespective of their subjects, of the same dimensions, because he could procure packing-boxes of only one size to ship them in, what would become of the art of sculpture? The true biographer, however, writes neither to fill out nor to curtail, but to present his subject in just proportion.

The reaction of fiction on biography conduced to improve the substance of biographical writing, by forcing it to be more vivid, more lifelike. Readers, who found the phantoms which the imagination of Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot created, as lifelike as themselves, would not tolerate the biographies in which real persons were more unsubstantial than phantoms. Why, they ask, should Colonel Newcome and Becky Sharpe, David Copperfield, and Lady Dedlock, Tito Melemma and Maggie Tulliver, or George Meredith's Richard Feverel and Sir Willoughby Patterne, live and breathe and be as actually our companions as are our most intimate friends, while the lay figures whom biographers set up and call by the names of historic persons are as dead as mummies or even as fossils? Insensibly, therefore, fiction set an example in vitality to the biographers.

Further, from the middle of the nineteenth century on, science began visibly to affect both these arts. For science studied an animal, a flower, a tree, dispassionately, and with the utmost thoroughness. Science used a microscope, and the public, becoming gradually accustomed to the way in which science described its specimens, instinctively looked for a similar method when biographers and novelists portrayed *their* subject. In the end, the scientific method applied to the arts, defeated its purpose by substituting material and mechanical standards for spiritual. Science can vivisect bodies, but up to the present the soul of man eludes the microscope and the scalpel. The essential subject of the biographer is the soul of man.

I do not like to fix dates, because in the transition between one social or intellectual or religious season and another, there is the same elasticity as in the passage from Spring to Summer, or from Autumn to Winter. You cannot say absolutely that any day marked the line of division.

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The year 1859, which saw the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species,* stands out in the retrospect as the beginning of the new epoch and the end of the old; but we perceive now that for several years before 1859 the new ideas were in the air (to use a vague term of that time) and that for a decade or more after 1859, the old ideas survived, even if they did not prevail. In biography, I think, the most characteristic specimens of the changing ideals as to substance and method appeared in John Morley's Studies of Voltaire and of Rousseau. Nothing better of its kind exists in English so far as I know. Morley does not attempt to write a consecutive story of the events which made up the external life of either man. He gives us, rather, a survey of the intellectual and moral development of each, and, as any of us can verify by looking over his own experience, this development does not coincide with external happenings. It was the discovery of Wordsworth's Poems which revolutionized John Stuart Mill's inner life, and so almost every important man acknowledges that he got a great impetus or permanent spiritual direction from some book or person.

Morley works by what I may call the oblique method in biography. He seems to be more bent on criticising than on describing, but when his portrait is complete you recognize its lifelikeness. If you watched Monet paint you would wonder why he splashed on one stroke or another, but when you viewed his finished picture at the proper distance, you would see that every drop of paint had its purpose, and that not a stroke was superfluous. Similarly, Morley, who was by no means an impressionist and never splashes on his colors, achieves the portrait which he meant to paint.

His evolution as a biographer was remarkable. From those two early monographs of Voltaire and Rousseau, he passed on to not less searching, though less considerable, studies of Diderot and other Frenchmen, and of Edmund Burke. This last seems to me to be the finest sketch in English of a political philosopher. But Mr. Morley went on, and in his *Life of Oliver Cromwell* he chose the dramatic rather than the philosophical method, and in his *Gladstone* he combined both kinds in a work which some persons regard as a salient masterpiece in recent biography. Perhaps it is hardly that; it is packed with information, much of which Morley only could give, but does it not belong to the

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encyclopedic works like Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln,* rather than to the really biographical works of which Boswell's *Johnson* is the model? In his *Life of Cobden* Morley again presents to us the ebb and flow of great political and economic forces with their frequent clash, rather than the intimate biography of the free trade champion. But this, too, is legitimate, and indeed, in the life of any statesman the problem of his biographer is to reach a balance between history and biography, between the person and the cause.

(*To be Concluded*)

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MEN AND TREES

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I DO not see that Nature is any more solicitous about the well-being of man than she is, say, about the well-being of trees. She is solicitous about the well-being of all life, so far as the conditions of life favor its development and continuance—men and trees alike. But all have to run the gauntlet of some form of hostile forces—the trees one kind, man another. What I mean is that evil in some form waits upon all—hindrances, accidents, defeat, failure, death.

The trees and the forests have their enemies and accidents and set-backs, and men and communities of men have analogous evils. The trees are attacked by worms, blight, tornadoes, lightning, and men are attacked by pestilence, famine, wars, and all manner of diseases. Every tree struggles to stand perfectly upright; it is the easiest and only normal position. Men aspire to uprightness of thought and conduct, but a thousand accidental conditions prevent most of them from attaining it. One tree in falling is likely to bring down, or to mutilate, other trees, as the moral or business downfall of a strong man in a community is quite sure to bring evil to many others around him. Trees struggle with one another for moisture and sustenance from the soil, and for a place in the sun, as men do in the community, and the most lucky, or the most fit, survive. Nature plans for a perfect tree as she plans for a perfect man, but both tree and man have to take their chances in running the gamut of hostile forces and conditions amid which their lot falls, so that an absolutely perfect oak or elm or pine is about as rare as a perfect man. Of course Nature has endowed man with mental and spiritual powers which she has not bestowed upon trees. These powers give man an advantage over trees, but not the same advantage over men—his own kind of tree—because his fellows are similarly endowed. His struggle

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with his own kind is as inevitable as the struggle of trees with their kind, with this advantage in favor of the trees: it is always a peaceful competition; it never takes the form of destructive wars. Trees of opposite kinds will draw away from one another, a pine will draw away from a maple or an oak, not, I suppose, because of any natural antagonism, but because it is less mobile, and its tender but more rigid branches cannot stand the buffetings of the more mobile and flexible deciduous trees. Pine loves to associate with pine, and spruce with spruce. The spirit, the atmosphere of a pine or a hemlock forest, how different from that of a beech or a maple! Most trees tend to associate themselves together in large bodies, as did primitive man, and civilized man, too, for that matter. The conifers flock by themselves more than the deciduous trees.

Are not a generation of leaves and a generation of men subject to about the same laws of chance? The baby leaves have their enemies in insects that devour them, in blight that withers them, in frost that cuts them short, and when they are matured, how the winds buffet them (Nature doesn't temper the wind to the tender leaf), how the gales lash them, how the hail riddles them! If they had powers of thought, into what a struggling, agitated, unstable world they would think themselves born! When a summer tempest strikes a maple or an oak tree, the strain and stress of the foliage is almost painful to witness. Yet when the tempest subsides, hardly a leaf is torn or detached, and when autumn comes, the ranks of the vast army of leaves are but little thinned, the great majority of leaves ripen and fall to the ground unscathed. They have come through the campaign of life and have experienced many ups and downs, and yet, on the whole, they have each had an active and useful life. The leaf-rollers have made their nests in a few of certain kinds, the leaf-cutters have made holes in certain other kinds, the gall insects have made their nurseries at the expense of still other kinds; but all these things amount to a mere fraction of the whole. When a plague of forest worms comes and strips the maples or the beeches, or a plague of elm beetles strips the elms, and the invasion of a foreign deadly fungus kills all the chestnuts, these calamities are paralleled by the plagues that in past times have swept away large numbers of human beings and depopulated whole countries, or by epidemic diseases,

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such as infantile paralysis, that now and then rage over wide-spread areas.

Go and sit down in our mixed beech, maple, birch, and oak woods and witness the varying fortunes of the trees. How many of them have had misfortunes of one kind or another! How few, if any, have reached their ideal! How many are diseased or dying at the top, or decaying at the root! Some have been mutilated by the fall of other trees. Though all strive to stand upright, all do not succeed. Youth and age meet and mingle. Some trees in their teens, as it were, are very thrifty, others are old and decrepit. In fact, the fortunes of the individual trees are much like those of men and women in a human community—struggle, competition, defeat, decay, and death on all sides. All, or nearly all, the evils that afflict men have their counterpart in the evils that afflict the trees of the forest. When some species of forest worm threatens the destruction of our beech or maple forests some other form of insect life steps in and puts an end to their increase, and the plague vanishes. The gypsy- and the brown-tailed moths which have so ravished the groves and forests of the eastern States will doubtless in time be held in check by their natural enemies. The plague of tent caterpillars that got such headway in New York State that it threatened to become a public calamity was effectually checked by the cold and rain of the May of 1917. Not one tent caterpillar have I seen during the past three years. The plague of current worms was checked in the same way. Sooner or later any excess is sure to be corrected. But so far as we can see, such things as the chestnut blight and hickory blight must rage like a fire till they have spent themselves and there are no more chestnut or hickory trees to be destroyed. Throughout the course of the biological history of the globe, both plants and animals have dropped out in some such way, and new forms come in—come in through the slow action of the evolutionary impulse.

The providence I see at work in the case of the trees does not differ at all from the providence I see at work in the case of men. It is one and the same, and that one is wholesale, indiscriminating, regardless of individuals, regardless of waste, delays, pain, suffering, failure, yet insuring success on a universal scale, the scale of centuries and geologic periods. Our standards of time com-

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pared with Nature's standards, are like our interplanetary spaces compared with the inconceivable abysses of the sidereal heavens—minutes compared to centuries. Our little family of planets moves around the fireside of our little sun— a small chimney-corner in the vast out-of-doors of astronomic space, where suns and systems and whole universes of worlds drift like bubbles on the sea. Give Nature time enough, and the world of today, or of any day, becomes an entire stranger to us. Orion will no longer stalk across the winter skies, the pole-star will no longer guide our ships, if, indeed, there remain any ocean for our ships to sail upon.

The Natural Providence is not concerned about you and me. In comparison it is concerned only about our race, and not lastingly concerned about that, since races, too, shall go.

> Races rise and fall,
> Nations come and go;
> Time doth gently cover all
> With violets and with snow.

As I sit here under an old heavy-topped apple tree on a hot midsummer day, a yellow leaf lets go its hold upon the branch over my head and comes softly down upon the open book I am reading. It is a perfect leaf, but it has had its day. The huge family of leaves of which it was a member are still rank and green and active in sustaining the life of the tree, but this one has dropped out of the leafy ranks. There are a few small dark spots upon it, which, I see with my pocket glass, are fungus growths, or else some germ disease of apple tree leaves, perhaps, like pneumonia, or diphtheria, or tuberculosis among men. One leaf out of ten thousand has fallen. Was Fate cruel to it? From the point of view of the leaf, yes—could a leaf have a point of view; from the point of view of Nature, no. The tree has leaves enough left to manufacture the needed chlorophyl, and that satisfies the law. If all the leaves were blighted, or were swept off by insect enemies, or stripped by hail and storm, that were a calamity to the tree. But one leaf, though all the myriad forces of Nature went to its production, though it is a marvel of delicate structure and function, though the sun's rays have beaten upon it and used it, and been kind to it, though evolution worked for untold ages to bring its

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kind to perfection,—what matters it? It will go back into the soil and the air from which it came, and contribute its mite to another crop of leaves, and maybe it has rendered the molecules of carbon and hydrogen and oxygen of which it is composed more ready and willing to enter into other living combinations. And the fungus germs that have preyed upon it, they, too, have had their period of activity, and have justified themselves. Nature thus pits one form against another, and her great drama of life and death goes on. Are her stakes more in the one than in the other, since she favors both? Yes, she has more at stake in health than in disease. If disease always triumphed, all life would go out. Of course, in the sum total of things, the life of this old tree counts for but little, but if it failed to bear apples, its chief end would be defeated. Evil is limited; it is a minor counter-current, but it is just as real as the good; it is a phase of the good; we have evil because we first have good. Both are relative terms. We are prone to speak of good and evil as if they were something absolute, like gravity or chemical affinity. But are they any more absolute than heat and cold, or than big and little? What pleases us, and is conducive to our well-being, we call good, and its opposite we call evil. We are not to make our wants and dislikes, our pleasures and our pain, the measure of the universe, as we do mathematics and physics. We can think of things in terms of art and literature, of beauty or ugliness, or in terms of morality and religion, or we may think of them in terms of science and of exact knowledge. When we say they are good or bad, we are thinking of them in terms of morals or of religion; when we say they are beautiful or ugly, we are describing them in terms of esthetics; when we say they are true or false, real or delusive, we are talking of them in terms of science.

This sere and prematurely ripened leaf appeals to my literary and imaginative faculties through its beauty and its symbolic character, it appeals to my understanding, my love of accurate knowledge, by reason of the blight that caused its fall.

Our going out of the world seems equally fortuitous and haphazard in infancy, youth, middle life, old age; before we have fairly lived, or after life has lost its value, or in the height of our powers, or in the decrepitude of old age: which shall it be?

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The naturalist sees all life as a whole. Man is not an exception, but part of the total scheme. The life principle is the same in him as in all else below him—the principle that organizes matter into countless new forms, that crosses and uses the mechanical and chemical forces, and begets numberless new compounds, that develops organs and functions, and separates the living world so sharply from the nonliving. In the weed, the tree, and in man, the principle is the same. What has set up this organizing power and so impressed it that it goes on from lower to higher forms, and unfolds the whole drama of evolution through the geologic ages is the mystery of mysteries. To solve this mystery, mankind invented God, and acts of creation. But a God apart from Nature is to me unthinkable, and science finds no beginning of anything. It finds change, transformation, only. When or where did man begin? Where does the circle begin? Self-beginning—who can think of that? Can we think of a stick with only one end? We can think of a motion as beginning and ending, but not of substance as beginning and ending. When the metabolism of the body ceases, death comes. Do we think of life, or the organizing principle, as then leaving the body? It ceases, but does it leave the body in any other sense than that the flame leaves the candle when it is blown out? And is this any different in the case of man than it is in the case of a tree, or a dog? We postulate what we call a soul in man, which we deny to all other forms of life—an independent entity which separates from the body and lives after it. But we run into difficulties the moment we do so. In the biologic history of man, when and where did the soul appear? Did the men of the old Stone Age, of whom Professor Osborn writes so graphically and convincingly, have it? Did the Piltdown man, the Neanderthal man, the Java man of DuBois, have it? Did our ancestral forms still lower down have it? Do babies have it? Do idiots and half-witted persons have it?

All we can claim for man above the lower orders is higher intelligence, greater brain power, the power of reflection, and the logical process. His dog has perceptive intelligence, but not reflective; animals act from inherited impulse; man from impulse, thought, ideation. Man's instinctive impulses are guided or restrained by thought; his emotions—anger, love—wait upon thought; his migratory instinct waits as that of the lower animals does not. But

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when this extra power began, who can say? It had no beginning, it dawned by insensible degrees, as do all things in Nature. We have only to heighten our conception of Nature and matter to see the difficulties vanish—and the stigma of materialism loses its terrors.

In these later centuries, mankind has steadily grown bolder and bolder in dealing with its deities and its devils. A few heroic spirits have always questioned the truth of the popular creeds, but in our day a very large majority question or even deny them. Fear of the wrath above or the wrath below has fled. Men are fast coming to see that devotion to the truth is the essence of true religion, and that the worst form of irreligion is the acceptance of creeds and forms without examining them, or upon the sole authority of some book or sect. The truth-loving man is the God-loving man. We no longer talk of God-fearing men—this negative attitude has given place to the positive attitude of love and enjoyment. The wrath of God no longer makes us tremble. The swift and sure vengeance of violated law, both in the physical world without us and the physiological world within us, we understand and appreciate, but the fury and revenge of the offended gods no longer disturb our dreams. Nature has no mercy, is no respector of persons, is one to the just and the unjust. Only the moral nature of man knows right from wrong; only the reason of man knows truth from falsehood. When or how man got this moral and intellectual nature is a question upon which men themselves will never agree. Did it come from without or from within—through evolution or revelation? The naturalist or naturist is bound to believe that it came from within through the long process of evolution. Whatever favored man's development became a biological law and had survival value. Without some degree of right conduct and fair dealing—some degree of perception of the true and the false, the race of man could never have attained its present high position in the scale of animate nature. Through some inherent impulse or tendency in matter, man arose out of the earth, climbing through the many lowly forms to his full estate of a rational being. It has been a long and toilsome journey. But here we are, and when we look back through the geologic vistas we are incredulous that we came that road. We incline to the short cut through the Garden of Eden. But the study of the ways of Nature as we see them in all

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living things opens our eyes to the truth of evolution. Of course the great puzzle and mystery is, Who or what stamped upon matter this organizing and developing impulse and caused the first unicellular life in the old Azoic or Paleozoic seas to branch and grow and increase in complexity till it gave birth to all the myriad living forms, high and low, that now fill the earth? But here again I am using the language of half truth—the language of our experience which makes us think of some external agent as stamping an impulse upon matter. If we say the impulse was always there, that it is inseparable from matter and the laws of matter, just as creation is without beginning and end, center or circumference, we come no nearer speaking the unspeakable. But it seems to me we do, in a measure, satisfy the reason; we make it see or realize its own limitations; reason guides reason.

The Infinite knows neither time nor space, neither extension, nor duration—it knows only the here and the now. It does not wait for time to pass or for eternity to begin. Eternity is now. Man, and all that has arisen out of him, is a part of universal nature. Are we not held to the sphere? Can we disturb it in its orbit? Can we banish one atom from it, or add one atom to it? We are a fragment of it, its laws pervade our minds, and we cannot get away from the necessity of putting our thoughts and emotions in the terms of our experience as dwellers upon this astronomic globe. We may fancy that we get away from it in moments of abstract thought, but we do not; we do not get away from ourselves any more than we can outrun our shadow. We can let our imaginations course with the spheres that circle through the abysmal depths of space, but we can put our emotions only in the words that we have invented to describe our experiences in this little three-dimensional corner of creation. If our terms were formed from our experiences amid the spheres we might be able to give some hint of the Infinite. We might learn how to describe our sensations when emancipated from the standards and limitations of the world in which we live.

Conventionally religious persons shrink from having their spiritual life discussed in terms of psychology, because psychology smacks of science and science acts like a blight upon religion. It dispels mystery and lets the light of day—the garish, irreligious day—into the twilight or the darkness

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of religious emotion. They do not want their relation to the spiritual world explained in terms of common knowledge—such is our hankering after the unknown, the mysterious, the transcendent.

One side of our nature fears the Infinite, and we experience a chill when the methods of this world obtrude themselves there. We have convinced ourselves that the part of our inner life which we call the soul is something more sacred and mysterious and nearer to the Infinite than are our ordinary faculties. What victims we are of words! What is the value of this feeling, and how did it arise? Our appreciation of the beautiful, in Art and Nature, is equally extra and transcends our practical faculties. Man's belief in another world—an ideal world of the absolute good—is of course, the result of his strong reaction from the pain, the struggle, the incompleteness of this world. Evolution is a hard road to travel. Being born is evidently not a pleasant experience for the baby, and in this world man is constantly struggling through new experiences into a higher and larger life. His measure of happiness is never full and he looks for compensation in another and better world. He does not see that there can be no better world—that pain and struggle and disappointment are necessary for his development, and that to long for a state in which these things do not exist is like the stream longing for a dead equilibrium. All power and all growth come from a break in the repose of the physical forces. There is no power in a uniform temperature, nor in water at a dead level. Mechanical power comes down an incline, vital power is a lift on an up-grade—all growing things struggle upward; the vegetable and animal world lift the earth elements up against gravity into an unstable equilibrium. Mechanical things run down the scale towards a stable equilibrium.

Our life goes on by virtue of some principle or force in matter that tends constantly to break up the stable into the unstable, to force the elements into new chemical combinations. Our machines dissipate energy in doing work, the living body conserves energy in the same process. It grows strong by the obstacles it overcomes, up to the limits of its powers. The clock runs down, the energy we put into it in winding it up is dissipated; but the growth of a living body is a winding-up process, a drawing-in and a storing-up process. In the wood and coal we burn is stored up the heat of

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the sun. In burning it and driving machinery by means of the heat developed, energy is dissipated. In manual labor the human body dissipates energy also, and it is the same solar energy that the engine dissipates, and it does it in the same mechanical way; and it is constantly replenished from without through the food consumed. But the human or living engine stokes itself. It is a clock that winds itself up, a gun that loads and points itself. Because the living body in its final analysis turns out to be a machine as absolutely dependent upon mechanical and chemical principles as any other machine, there are those who see no radical difference between the mechanical and the vital.

I conclude that it is equally up-grade from the vital, or physiological, to the psychical. How the two connect we can never know, but that the thinking man dissipates energy there can be no doubt. The body and the soul are one in a way past our finding out. When we discuss these things in terms of metaphysics, we launch upon a boundless sea and reach no real port.

When we project ourselves into Nature, out of which we came, or when we see ourselves there objectively—our virtues, our aspirations, our vices, and our wickedness—we sow the seeds of our religion. We grow a crop of gods and of devils, and heaven and hell become fixed realities to us. So do we make the world in which we live, and it in turn makes us. So does the divine in us keep pace with the divine we see in Nature. So does the beauty of our own characters grow as we see beauty in the character of others. So do our love, faith, hope, charity, develop and augment as we see these things in the world about us. The universe is thus constituted, and that is all we can say about it.

That right, human right, in the end and on a large scale, prevails, I believe to be true; the right that in long periods of time means, or rather secures, the well-being of the race—the greatest good to the greatest number.

In discussing the final problems of the universe, we are attempting to describe the Infinite in terms of the finite—an impossible task. We think and speak of God as a person, because our experience gives us no other terms in which to conceive him. We say that he sees, hears, plans, governs, creates, loves, suffers, is angry—in fact, has all human attributes and characteristics vastly magnified. He is an omnipotent and omnipresent man. He is the creator

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and organizer and director of the universe, and hence is responsible for everything in it, the evil as well as the good. Our attitude toward him is that of a subject toward his king, or toward a supreme judge. We must praise, exalt, supplicate, propitiate him.

There is lying upon my table a recent volume of sermons by an English divine called *The Justification of God* —his justification in the face of the terrible World War which he might have prevented. Thus, just as soon as we conceive of God in terms of our human nature, these baffling problems thrust themselves upon us. We must seek some grounds upon which we can excuse or vindicate or justify this supreme man for permitting these terrible happenings which darken the world. As this is not an easy task, men say in their hearts, and often with their lips: There is no God. Better no God, than a being who would permit the sin and suffering we see daily all about us, and that history reveals to us.

The only alternative I see is to conceive of God in terms of universal Nature; a nature God in whom we really live and move and have our being, with whom our relation is as intimate and constant as that of the babe in its mother's womb, or the apple upon the bough. This is the God that science and reason reveal to us—the God we touch with our hands, see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and from whom there is no escape—a God whom we serve and please by works and not by words, whose worship is deeds, and whose justification is in adjusting ourselves to his laws and availing ourselves of his bounty, a God who is indeed from everlasting to everlasting. Of course in the light of the old theology this is no God at all. It was to emancipate us from the rule of this God that the old conceptions of a being above and far removed from Nature were wrought out and formulated. The old teaching was that Nature is carnal and unholy. This theory compels us to say to matter and the laws of matter, "Get thee behind me, Satan." We struggle in this debasing world for a season, says the theologian, and then escape from it to a better one. In all the dark, pre-scientific ages during our own era—dark in regard to man's real relation to the universe in which he finds himself, but often luminous with flashes of insight into the nature of man himself—these conceptions ruled man's religious aspirations. In our own times they still largely rule in various modi-

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fied forms. The old theological dogmas are more or less discredited now, still a religion founded upon science makes little headway with the average man. Nevertheless we are shaping our practical lives—our social, our economical relations, more and more according to scientific deductions. We seek more and more a scientific or naturalistic basis for our rules of conduct, for our altruism, for our charitable organizations, for our whole ethical system. Any principle that squares with natural law is indeed founded upon a rock. The stars in their courses fight for the cause that is founded upon natural right, which in human relations does not mean the right of the strong to trample upon the weak, but the right of all to their full measure of free development.

Right and wrong are of course finite terms, and apply only in the human sphere. Universal Nature as it appears among non-living bodies and forces, knows neither right nor wrong; it knows only might. As it appears among the orders below man, it knows neither right nor wrong. Physics and chemistry have no consciousness; neither have beasts or bacteria; but man has, and this fact will in time determine the whole course of human history. Naturalism makes for righteousness, or right-mindedness, as surely as it makes for health and longevity.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

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THE KNIFE

BY JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

Pain—a nightmare of pain:
In a white room,
A little room . . .
A nurse's hands, deft and kind,
The blade of a razor, quick and keen,
Smoothing the surface of an aching side;
A tired moan, a lowered blind,
Stiff, white garments, a rolling cot—
The doctor and his stethoscope.
Your voice:
He answers, "What?
Oh, your heart's all right,
Sit tight!"

Then a short passage through a narrow hall,
Past white-capped nurses
Who never sense your pain at all
(Pain is so old to them!) and so you pass
To the table,
The table
Of glass.

Then in your ears a jumble
And crowding of sounds,
And another room—white.
An odor, sickish sweet:
Inwardly, unnoticed, you mumble,
"It's like a thousand dying flowers . . ."
A cheering "Now, old man!"
An ether can,
Then a quick strangling fight for breath,
Then ease——
Grateful ease and closing eyes.
A steady, relentless death
Of all consciousness,
And, in your ears, voices,
Foolish old voices, for hours
And hours . . .

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Oblivion,
A struggle for thought, and then
Oblivion again.
Queer words, "Strap up . . . he's wandering . . . he's going . . .
He's under . . ."
Amen.

Long, slow journey back:
Outside, the clack,
The clatter
Of the elevator door.
Feet a-patter
In the hall, someone's light,
A blur before your sight,
One face that is clear
To your gaze,
Then blurs, then clears, and stays;
The face of the Great Man.
Things vague, like a dream—
A voice you don't know, and a scream;
(What a scream!).
Who screams like that?

The voice of the Great Man
Speaking to you:
"Boy, don't yell like that,
I'll see you through."
Then again that scream,
And pain . . . pain . . .

Doctors and nurses pleading in vain
For quiet, and near
Stands the Great Man, holding your hand.
A nurse holds the other.
That scream!
"I can't stand it!
Hell's fire . . . do something . . . you . . .
I can't—stand—the pain. . . ."

A breeze, wanton, sweet,
Blowing through the window;
A dull sense of relief,
A nurse at your side,
The Great Man and three doctors grouped near,
Seem to sense your struggle, and clear
Away down the hall
Some other poor devil screams out.
Drowsily you murmur,
"God! Did I yell like that, too?"

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He speaks, then, the Great Man—
" Well, lad, feeling better? "
A look in his eyes . . .
" Doc, can I write a letter? "
A laugh of relief. " Write? Lord, no, boy! No! "
" Doc, please loosen these bands? "
" Can't do it, son; sleep—
That's what you need now."
As he goes out, it strikes you
He's weary,
Somehow.

" Nurse, give me a drink? "
You watch her dissolve a tablet in water,
By the light through the door;
Then the jab of a needle—
Both arms are sore.
And sleep, at last, sleep . . .
That's what needles
Are for!

Sleep.
Sleep, day and night.
Sleep and rest.
So go the days,
Slowly, more blest
With the lessening of pain . .
On a day comes the Great Man,
Lean as a fife,
And his touch is so light,
As he binds up the dressing.
He passes from sight
Out of the door.
Comes the thought
You may see him
A few brief days more,
And then from your life,
As he passed, he may pass,
Gone like a shadow that melts
In the grass . . .
Little man,
Great Man,
Who wielded
The knife. . . .

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CEDAR HILL

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Wearily up the unfamiliar way,
A traveller that cannot cease to crave
The happiness your welcome ever gave,
I come, Belovèd, at the ebb of day,
To keep my promised tryst with your far grave.

The sunset lingers on the serried stones
Of your home-gathering kindred, those who quaffed
Life's fullest cup, and babies epitaphed
For love, not deeds. Fluting his twilight tones
A robin perches on the tapering shaft.

O ashes, memory of mortal love,
Sealed in your urn beneath the greensward, pure
From all disease and all decay, secure
From evil, what am I to weep above
Your beautiful and tranquil sepulture?

The shadowy cedars climb the hill, all rife
With whispers, that are less the wings of birds
And stir of sprays than murmurous, dim words.
Ah, death may comprehend them, but not life,
Dark embryo that still the shell engirds.

The two tall, sentinel white birches sift
The soft blue skylight through serrated leaves,
Lest shadow should too soon, too deeply drift
Between your silence and my heart that heaves
With its vain longing, while the quails uplift

Their ringing calls from the dusk fields below,
Heralds of joy on very edge of night.
The eternal tide of stars begins to flow,
Flecking the gloom with points of golden light,
And I, whose task is long, arise and go.

Is it you that follow me and fold me fast
With your old comfort, quieting the strife
Of stormy pulses, as in sorrows past?
There is no sorrow but is peace at last.
God grant there be no death that is not life!

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EXILE

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I have made grief a gorgeous, queenly thing,
And worn my melancholy with an air.
My tears were big as stars to deck my hair,
My silence stunning as a sapphire ring.
Oh, more than any light the dark could fling
A glamour over me to make me rare,
Better than any color I could wear
The pearly grandeur that the shadows bring.
What is there left to joy for such as I?
What throne can dawn upraise for me who found
The dusk so royal and so rich a one?
Laughter will whirl and whistle on the sky—
Far from his riot I shall stand uncrowned,
Disrobed, bereft, an outcast in the sun.

EPISODE

BY WINIFRED BRYHER

If I bring my loneliness
To your arms,—
This is not love.
If I bend my head,
Heavy with life, to meet your strength, forgive me,—
(Would you hold me for a moment without speaking)
This is not love.
It is rest.
A truth in dream,
To slip aside our solitude at meeting,
It is an hour we give to one another,—
Not love.

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THE REPUTATION OF EZRA POUND

BY MAY SINCLAIR

IF the views of some of our more conservative reviewers were immortal Posterity would have an odd idea of Ezra Pound. It would know him, if it were allowed to know him at all, as a literary mountebank; a masquerader looking for something to wear, ransacking the wardrobes of every century but his own; an impudent schoolboy letting off squibs in his back garden.

But what, after all, has Mr. Pound really done? It is true that he has let off squibs, lots of squibs, and some of them have hit one or two respectable persons in the eye. Mr. Pound is not a respecter of respectable persons. He has displayed a certain literary frightfulness in the manner of Laurent Tailhade. He has shown an arrogant indifference to many admired masterpieces of his day. And he has associated himself with unpopular movements. His appearance in *Blast* blasted him in the eyes of respectable persons not hitherto hostile to his manifestations. People become unpopular through association with him. In the interval between the disappearance of *Blast* and the re-emergence of *The Little Review* he published some negligible trifles, which were held up as representative of a trivial talent. Worse still, when various people were forming little groups and creating little organs of their own, Ezra Pound had the temerity to form a group and create an organ more or less his own.

If *The Little Review* had never printed anything but what came to it through its foreign editor it might by this time have ranked as an important international concern; unfortunately it printed many things for which Mr. Pound was not responsible, and when it trespassed, its iniquities were laid on him. Besides he gave opportunities. His critical manner was deceptive. When *The Little Review* announced its Henry James number with an article by Ezra

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Pound some of us had visions of an irresponsible and agile animal shinning up a monument to hang by his feet from the top. What actually happened?

I do not know any book yet written on Henry James of more solid value than Mr. Pound's "Brief Note" in *The Little Review.*

> I am tired of hearing pettiness talked about Henry James's style. The subject has been discussed enough in all conscience, along with the minor James. What I have not heard is any word of the major James, of the hater of tyranny, book after early book against oppression, against all the sordid petty personal crushing oppression, the domination of modern life, not worked out in the diagrams of Greek tragedy, not labelled "epos," or "Æschylus." The outbursts in *The Tragic Muse,* the whole of *The Turn of the Screw,* human liberty, personal liberty, the rights of the individual against all sorts of intangible bondage. The passion of it, the continual passion of it in this man who, fools said, didn't "feel." I have never found a man of emotion against whom idiots didn't raise this cry. . . .

Is not that admirable? Is it not the essential serious truth of his subject? For the sake of it one can forgive Mr. Pound his minor perversities, for example, his dismissal of the beautiful *Spoils of Poynton* as "all that damned fuss about furniture."

And in relation to his actual *confrères* what has happened? No contemporary critic has done more than Ezra Pound for the work of Gaudier Brzeska, of Mr. James Joyce, of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, of Mr. T. S. Eliot, to admit only four of the names associated with him. For the last seven years he has been more concerned to obtain recognition for other people than to capture any sort of hearing for himself. In this he has shown an absolutely incorruptible devotion to his craft. He may have been guilty of a few blunders, a few indiscretions and impertinences, but he has rendered services to modern international art that in any society less feral than our own would have earned him the gratitude of his contemporaries.

They have not even earned him moderate protection against prejudice.

It has been said of this poet—almost, if not quite the most original, the most individual poet of his century—that he has no originality, no hot, inspired genius, only talent, only an uncanny and prodigious dexterity; that his sources are purely and coldly literary; that he speaks behind a mask and without his mask he is nothing.

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Well, Mr. Pound never denied his sources and the author of *Personae* would hardly disclaim his mask. There never was a poet more susceptible to influence, more sensitive to cadences, to the subtle flavors and flying gestures of words; never one who has so absorbed into his system three diverse literatures: of the langue d'Oc, of old China, of Augustan Rome. With a snatch at the Anglo-Saxon, at Sappho, at the Greek epigrammatists. But there is one literature that he rejects, that by no possibility could he assimilate; the literature of the Edwardian and Georgian eras.

As it happened, Mr. Pound's first poems, in *Personae* and *Exultations,* were so amazingly original, so violently individual, that nothing but violent individuality was expected of him. He wrote *Le Fraisne.*

> By the still pool of Mar-nan-otha
> Have I found me a bride
> That was a dog-wood tree some syne,
> She hath called me from mine old ways,
> She hath hushed my rancour of council,
> Bidding me praise
> Naught but the wind that flutters in the leaves.

He wrote the beautiful *Praise of Ysolt.*

> Lo, I am worn with travail
> And the wandering of many roads hath made my eyes
> As dark red circles filled with dust.
> Yet there is a trembling upon me in the twilight,
> And little red elf words crying "A song,"
> Little grey elf words crying, "A song,"
> Little brown leaf words crying, "A song,"
> Little green leaf words crying, "A song,"
> The words are as leaves, old brown leaves in the spring-time,
> Blowing they know not whither, seeking a song.

He wrote the *Ballad of the Goodly Fere.*

> A master of men was the Goodly Fere,
> A man of the wind and sea,
> If they think they have slain our Goodly Fere
> They are fools eternally.
>
> I ha' seen him eat of the honey-comb
> Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

Here was a voice that had not been heard before. Here was a strange, foreign beauty. They made Mr. Pound's reputation.

Then followed the *Canzoni.* In spite of *The Yearly Slain* and *The Vision,* the *Canzoni* were a set-back to ex-

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travagant expectations. The elaborate form, the artificial sweetness, the dexterous technique, the sheer convention of the thing, were felt to be incompatible with unfettered, unpremeditative genius. Instead of warbling native wood-notes wild Mr. Pound was thinking of his metric. Obviously, Mr. Pound was not a warbler.

There followed the *Sonnets* and *Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti* to suggest that Mr. Pound was a translator (not too accurate) rather than a poet. And to complete the disillusion people remembered that even in *Exultations* the influence of Mr. W. B. Yeats was discernible in at least four lines.

> But if one should look at me with the old hunger in her eyes
> How will I be answering her eyes?
> * * * * * * * *
> And it's a deep hunger I have when I see them a-gliding
> And a-flickering there where the trees stand apart.

There followed *Ripostes*. *Ripostes* with the grave, uncanny beauty of *The Tomb at Akr Caar;* the poignant, almost unbearable passion of *The Return;* the magic of *Apparuit.*

> Green the ways, the breath of the fields is thine there,
> open lies the land, yet the steely going
> darkly hast thou dared and the dreaded æther parted before thee.
> * * * * * * * *
> Clothed in goldish weft, delicately perfect,
> gone as wind! The cloth of the magical hands!
> Thou a slight thing, thou in access of cunning
> daredst to assume this?

Undoubtedly *Ripostes* contains some of his very finest work. It also includes some *opusculi* not so fine which have been remembered against him. Then came his somewhat invidious connection with *Poetry* and his appearance in *Blast.* Mr. Pound there made himself sponsor for Vorticism, and from that day to this alternate fury and indifference have been his portion. Or if any favor comes his way it wears the cold air of controversy and reservation. And, with one exception, every serious and self-respecting magazine is closed to this most serious and self-respecting artist.

He has not been at any pains to open them. It would have been easy enough. He had only to leave Vorticism and every other "ism" alone. It would have been far the

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more profitable course. With his uncanny capacity for saturating himself with various styles, his genius for impersonation, he could, if he had chosen, have become one of the most popular poets of his day; he had only to stand on the alert, to snare the familiar sentimental lilt, the familiar charm, the odor and cadence and the sensual thrill; only to follow the strong trail of the bloody realist—you can imagine the exquisite dexterity with which he would have sustained the rôle — only to write war-songs, to catch the note—he could so easily have caught it—of delicate yearning, or of stark, frightful, abominable truth. Why not? It would have paid him a hundred times over in cash and credit, and he would never have been found out, or not till he was too old and cynical to care.

Instead of which he has adopted the mark of fantastic intellectual Inhumanism. He has written what he has written *Quia Pauper Amavi*. His title is a signboard warning sentimental trespassers that they will not find what they want in his preserves. It points also to his limitations. You cannot conceive him taking a great, passionate human theme and treating it greatly, passionately, tenderly. He would tell you that the great passionate human themes are not to be taken; they no longer stand out nakedly with a simple, immediate appeal. They are caught in a net-work of association. The atmosphere that sustains them has been used up; every breather of the sacred air contributes his share of corruption. This being so, it is obvious that without some reaction art is bound to become an affair of generalized emotions. Imagism, the substitution of the concrete image for the generalized emotion was one reaction, Vorticism, the release of intellectual energy, another.

In associating himself with this movement Mr. Pound increased his natural inaccessibility. All the approaches to this twentieth century poet are difficult. Unless you love sudden, strange, disconcerting beauty and certain qualities that he has brought into literature, of bright hardness, of harshness, of intellectual flame.

In no other volume are these qualities so marked as in his *Lustra* and *Cathay*.

It is, to say the least, surprising that in the years that saw the publication of these poems one should have heard it said that Ezra Pound was " finished," so clear it seems that he was only just beginning, only just discovering the me-

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dium, plastic, yet capable of the hardness of crystal or of bronze, that was to serve him henceforth. You perceive that between *Lustra* and *Cathay* something has happened to him.

That something was his discovery through Ernest Fenollosa of the old literatures of China and Japan. (Here again, his paraphrases from Fenollosa's translation of the *Noh* plays would have made a noble reputation for any man less dogged by invidious misfortune.)

Of all the influences that he has come under, that of the Chinese poets has been the most beneficent. It has made for clearness, for vividness and precision, for concentration, for the more and more perfect realization of his ideal, the finding of his ultimate self.

Go, my songs, seek your praise from the young and from the intolerant,
Move among the lovers of perfection alone,
Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light
And take your wounds from it gladly.

Barring one or two poems in *Ripostes* there is nothing in his earlier work to compare with his translations—or are they paraphrases—of Bunno and Mei-Sheng and Rihaku; of Kakuhaku, Rosoriu and T'ao Yuan Ming.

Take this: Rihaku's *Lament of the Frontier Guard.*

By the North Gate, the wind blows full of sand,
Lonely from the beginning of time until now!
Trees fall, the grass grows yellow with autumn.
I climb the towers and towers
to watch out the barbarous land:
Desolate castle, the sky, the wide desert.
There is no wall left to this village.
Bones white with a thousand frosts,
High heaps covered with trees and grass;
Who has brought this to pass?
Who has brought the flaming imperial anger?
Who has brought the army with drums and with kettle-drums?
Barbarous kings.
A gracious spring, turned to blood-ravenous autumn,
A turmoil of wars—men spread over the middle kingdom,
Three hundred and sixty thousand,
And sorrow, sorrow like rain.
Sorrow to go, and sorrow, sorrow returning.
Desolate, desolate fields,
And no children of warfare upon them,
No longer the men for offence and defence.
Ah, how shall you know the dreary sorrow at the North Gate,
With Rihaku's name forgotten,
And we guardsmen fed to the tigers.

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Observe the certainty with which Mr. Pound gets his effect, by the placing of a copula,

> And sorrow, sorrow like rain;

by the cadence of his repetitions,

> Sorrow to go and sorrow, sorrow returning;

by sheer plain statement,

> There is no wall left to this village.

Observe the firm perfection of his own *Liu Ch'e,* written, as if in anticipation, before Fenollosa's work came into his hands.

> The rustling of the silk is discontinued,
> Dust drifts over the courtyard,
> There is no sound of foot-fall, and the leaves
> Scurry into heaps and lie still,
> And she, the rejoicer of the heart is beneath them.
>
> A wet leaf that clings to the threshold.

Or his *Fan-Piece for her Imperial Lord.* It is but three lines.

> O fan of white silk,
> Clear as frost on the grass blade,
> You also are laid aside.

After *Cathay, Quia Pauper Amavi* with his *Three Cantos.*

> Hang it all, there can be but the one Sordello,
> But say I want to, say I take your whole bag of tricks,
> Let in your quirks and tweeks and say the thing's an art form. . . .

Imitating Browning now? Perhaps; but, feature for feature, the new mask fits. Ezra Pound was never more himself than in this "art-form." You can see him chuckling as the idea dawned on him. "At last I can do what I 'want to'"! The form gives scope to his worst qualities and his best; his obscurity, his inconsequence, his caprice; his directness, his ease in the attack, his quickness, the shining, darkening turn and return as of a bird in the air or a fish in water; the baffling play of a spirit flying between darkness and light; the resurgence of abrupt, surprising beauty:

> . . . . . here the sunlight
> Glints on the shaken waters and the rain
> Comes forth with delicate tread, walking from Isola Garda
> . . . .

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It is the sun rains, and a spatter of fire
Darts from the "Lydian" ripples, *lacus undae*
And the place is full of spirits. . . .

Mr. Pound has poured into his Cantos the contents of what he calls his "phantastikon." Anything may happen in this art-form. You may come upon anything, from "Couci's rabbits" to the wars of the Cid. There are as yet but three Cantos published: there may be three hundred before Mr. Pound has done, and no reason beyond the reader's convenience why the endless rhapsody should be divided into Cantos at all. The third proceeds, with no intelligible transition from

John Heyden,
Worker of miracles, dealer in levitation,

to a chunk of the *Odyssey,* translated so incomparably well that one wishes Mr. Pound would finish what he has begun.

You may pass over the *Moeurs Contemporaines.* The thing has been done better by Jules Laforgue and Laurent Tailhade. You might even pass the *Langue d'Oc,* but that it has something that the earlier translations lacked: a rough hardness, a twist, a sharp tang overlying the artificial sweetness. The translator has escaped from the first enchantment of this literature. He is at pains to show up its essential artifice. By every possible device—the use of strange words like "gentrice" and "plasmatour"—he throws it seven centuries back in time. It is to sound as different from modern speech as he can make it, because it belongs to a world that by the very nature of its conventions is inconceivably remote, inconceivably different from our own, a world that we can no longer reconstruct in its reality.

By this device, this thickening of the veil that hangs between us and the dead world of the Langue d'Oc, Mr. Pound sets in relief the reality, the modernity of his Propertius. It is as if he said, "There is the echoed falsetto of a voice that never rang quite true; here—a thousand years before it—is the voice of a live man, a man you might meet in Piccadilly today." There is no essential difference between Rome in the Augustan and London in the Georgian age.

Annalists will continue to record Roman reputations,
Celebrities from the Trans-Caucasus will belaud Roman celebrities
And expound the distensions of Empire,
But for something to read in normal circumstance?
For a few pages brought down from the forked hill unsullied?

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I ask a wreath which will not crush my head.
And there is no hurry about it;
I shall have, doubtless, a boom after my funeral. . . .

Mr. Pound gives light English for the light Latin. Propertius's Roman irony rings fresh and English, a modern irony that mocks at everything, at love and death:

Midnight and a letter comes to me from our mistress;
Telling me to come to Tibur, "*AT* once!"
Bright tips reach up from twin towers,
Anienan spring water falls into flat-spread pools.

What is to be done about it?
Shall I entrust myself to tangled shadows
Where bold hands may do violence to my person?

Yet if I postpone my obedience
because of this respectable terror
I shall be prey to lamentations worse than a nocturnal assailant.

And I shall be in the wrong,
and it will last a twelvemonth,
For her hands have no kindness me-wards. . . .

Nor is there anyone to whom lovers are not sacred at midnight
And in the via Sciro.

* * * * * * * *

What if undertakers follow my track? such a death is worth dying.
She would bring frankincense and wreaths to my tomb,
She would sit like an ornament on my pyre.

Again:

When, when and whenever death closes our eyelids,
Moving naked upon Acheron
Upon the one raft, victor and conquered together,
Marius and Jugurtha together, one tangle of shadows,
Cæsar plots against India,
Tigris and Euphrates shall from now on, flow at his bidding,
Tibet shall be full of Roman policemen,
The Parthians shall get used to our statuary and acquire a Roman religion;

One raft, Marius and Jugurtha together, on the veiled flood of Acheron.
Nor at my funeral either will there be any long trail, bearing ancestral lares and images;
No trumpets filled with my emptiness,
Nor shall it be on an Atalic bed; the perfumed cloths shall be absent.
A small plebeian procession,
Enough, enough and in plenty

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There will be three books at my obsequies
Which I take, my not unworthy gift, to Persephone.

His irony laughs equally at himself and at the conquests of Augustus.

Oh august Pierides! Now for a large mouthed product.
Thus:
"The Euphrates denies its protection to the Parthian
And apologies for Crassus,"
And "It is, I think, India which now gives necks to your triumph,"
And so forth, Augustus, "Virgin Arabia shakes in her inmost dwelling."

* * * * * * * *

And I shall follow the camp, I shall be duly celebrated for singing the affairs of your cavalry.

Or take *A Difference of Opinion with Lygdamus*. Not even the reference to the "other woman's" incantations disturbs the bright impression of modernity.

Nor should this surprise us. Our imperial politics bring us very near to Augustan Rome. Our intelligentsia, by its psychology, by its ironic detachment, its disenchantments, the melancholy that overlies its increasingly intellectual view of life, is nearer to the intelligentsia of the Augustan era than, say, to that of the Eighteenth Century. And Ezra Pound has never found a mask that fitted him better than his Propertius. In all his adventures he goes out to the encounter with himself; he maintains himself, a salient, abrupt, unmistakable entity, through all his transformations.

On this account his translation is not to be recommended to students cramming Propertius for an exam. He has made blunders here and there that any schoolmaster would have avoided. His "night-dogs" for *nocturnaeque canes* procured him a rating from at least one professorial chair. There always will be a certain number of inverted minds for which microscopic errors assume supreme importance. Mr. Pound is a poet and he knows that in a foreign poet the essential thing is not always his literal sense, nor yet the structure and agreeable cadence of his verse, but his manner, the way he says things, his gesture, his tone and accent. With rather more brusquerie in this manner, it is this living gesture and tone and accent that Mr. Pound's paraphrasing conveys. You know that it is right because you feel that it is alive; that this *is* an actual Propertius. Mr. Pound should

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be tried by a jury, not of professors, but of his peers: his defense should be to read aloud Odes VII and IX: and X.

If he had never written anything else: if he had never appeared in *Blast,* never helped to edit *The Little Review,* never expressed his inmost opinion of his contemporaries, but had burst upon the town in innocence with his *Homage to Sextus Propertius,* he would have achieved a reputation, a more solid and enduring reputation than he made by *Personae* and *Exultations.*

To praise Ezra Pound is not to deny that Mr. Drinkwater has charm, that Mr. de la Mare has grace and glamour, Mr. Harold Munro a subtle sense of the ways of trees and animals, that Mr. Siegfried Sassoon is one of the most satisfactory of our war-poets, that there is more passion in four lines of Mr. D. H. Lawrence than in all Elizabeth Barrett Browning, or that Mr. Masefield really can conjure up the smell of a fine hunting morning and the cold, savage magic of the sea. But in this immense and hospitable universe there is room, not only for magic and delight and terror, but for the clear hardness, the civilised polished beauty, the Augustan irony of Ezra Pound.

A poet without passion? There is passion enough in *The Return.*

> See, they return! ah, see the tentative
> Movements, and the slow feet,
> The trouble in the pace and the uncertain
> Wavering!
>
> See, they return, one, and by one,
> With fear, as half-awakened;
> As if the snow should hesitate
> And murmur in the wind, and half turn back;
> These were the "Winged-with-Awe,"
> Inviolable.
>
> Gods of the winged shoe!
> With them the silver hounds sniffing the trace of air!
>
> Haie! Haie!
> These were the swift to harry;
> These the keen scented;
> These were the souls of blood.
>
> Slow on the leash pallid the leash men!

MAY SINCLAIR.

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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

BERNARD SHAW AND J. M. SYNGE

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

THERE is a kind of shy, embarrassed man of merit who cannot keep or even reach to his proper position in the world without making some sort of pretence about himself. Bernard Shaw is such a man. He has created his legend with such extraordinary skill that those who know him well have great difficulty in persuading the general public, which has neither the time nor the intelligence to understand a man of marked personality, to believe that the legend *is* a legend, that the reputed Bernard Shaw is not the real Bernard Shaw. The common notion is that he has an insatiable craving for publicity, is immensely conceited and self-centered, and does not care what folly of thought or conduct he commits if by so doing he draws attention to himself. The truth about him is that he is a shy and nervous man, singularly humble-minded and sincere, very courageous and full of quick, penetrating wisdom, and so generous and kindly that he may be said to be willing to do more for his friends than his friends will do for themselves. He is a Don Quixote without illusions. When he tilts at windmills, he does so because they are *wind*mills, and he wishes them to be modernized and worked by electricity. In print and on platforms, Bernard Shaw brags and boasts and lays claim to an omniscience that would scandalize most deities, but no one who has the ability to distinguish between sincerity and mere capering is in the least deceived by his platform conceit. He is one of the very few men in the world who can brag in public without being offensive to his auditors. He can even insult his audience without hurting its feelings. There is a quality of geniality and kindliness in his most violent and denunciatory utterance that reconciles all but

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the completely fat-headed to a patient submission to his chastisement; and his most perverse statements are so swiftly followed by things profoundly true and sincerely said that those who listen to him are less conscious of his platform tricks than are those who merely read newspaper reports of his speeches. This is largely due to the fact that the newspapers print only his flippant and fantastic stuff, and omit his vital matter. I have seen reporters at one of his meetings sitting with their pencils loosely dangling from their fingers while Shaw spoke wisely and deeply, and then, when he uttered some trivial or outrageous thing, coming to life and hastily scribbling the jape into their notebooks.

It is my purpose here to insist that Bernard Shaw is a shy man with a large element of the gawky schoolboy in him, so that he is awkward and embarrassed when he comes suddenly into the presence of strangers without having been warned that strangers are to be encountered. I have seen him blush like a boy on finding people in a room which he had expected to find unoccupied, and when one meets him casually in the street he is at first nonplussed and without conversation or power to do more than smile amiably. It is not easy to make this shyness of his plain to those who have met him once or twice because he has remarkable powers of recovery and can cover up his initial embarrassment with very great skill; and also because his platform manners are very easy and his general social manners are exceedingly gracious. He has made many pretences in his life, but the one pretence that he has never succeeded in maintaining is the pretence that he is a bad-mannered man. There are stories told of him that seem to show him in a graceless, even cruel, character, but these are no more than might be expected from a man of nervous temperament who is being bothered excessively by the demands of people who have no right to make demands on him at all. Against those stories may be set far more stories of acts of exceptional kindliness to those who are in trouble or in need of advice and encouragement. Very few great men have given so generously of their time and strength to helping young men of talent to obtain recognition as Bernard Shaw has done.

His awkwardness of manner when taken unawares is very different from that of Mr. Yeats in similar circumstances. Shaw is shy and awkward with strangers, but Yeats, who has never been shy in his life, is only awkward.

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Shaw, because he is naturally gracious, recovers himself more quickly than Yeats, who has cultivated his graciousness; and it may be said of them that Shaw has the manners of a man instinctively gentle, whereas Yeats has the manners of a man who has practiced deportment before a cheval glass.

II.

It is obvious that a man so shy and easily embarrassed as Bernard Shaw is cannot hope to make a swift impression upon his contemporaries unless he commits an outrage upon his own nature. A world which regards modesty as a sign of incompetence, if not of actual imbecility, is slow to recognize the real merits of a man unless he lays claim to merits which he has not got. In the long run, the crowd pays tribute to great men, but Bernard Shaw was anxious that tribute should be paid to him immediately. Fame at the age of eighty offered few inducements to him, and posthumous fame offered no inducements at all. He had something to say to a world disinclined to listen to him, and he felt that he could not persuade it to do so unless he first of all performed some unusual platform tricks to catch its attention. Something of his principle seemed to be in the mind of a tipster whom I saw on Epsom racecourse before the war began. I was walking in the crowd on the course, which the police were not yet clearing, when suddenly a very well-dressed man in my neighborhood seemed to go out of his mind. He whirled violently round, uttered a fierce yell, flung an expensive silk hat into the air and waved his gold-headed cane in a very disturbing fashion. He then began to chant in a manner not unlike the way in which Mr. Vachel Lindsay recites his poem on the Congo! . . . By the time he had finished this performance, a considerable crowd had collected around him. I was in the forefront of it, and while I was wondering how long it would be before the police arrived to take charge of the demented man, he recovered his sanity and proceeded to sell tips for the two-thirty race. I bought one of them. I put money that was rare and precious on the horse which he commended to my patronage. And the horse lost the race! . . .

Bernard Shaw climbed on to platforms and into newspapers, shouting at the top of his voice, "I am better than Shakespeare" in the hope that he might convince the world

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that he had merit as Bernard Shaw. He performed tricks in public in order to make people believe that he could think in the theatre. He wore comic clothes and refused to shave and conducted a rebellion against evening dress and silk hats and boiled shirts. He declined to eat meat, to smoke tobacco or to drink wine. He said that he was an atheist and an immoral writer. He tried to train his eyebrows into the shape which is called Mephistophelian. He saw himself in the role of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick Papers* trying to make men's flesh creep, and was disgusted to find that the Fat Boy's most valuable asset, his obesity, had been denied to him and given to Gilbert Chesterton, who would not make anyone's flesh creep for the value of the world! Finally, he announced that he was a Socialist. His Socialism was not a platform trick: it was his serious faith; but it became so associated in the public mind with his platform tricks that he had only to say in public that he was a Socialist and his audience would giggle as if that were the most amusing thing they had ever heard. This habit of performing platform tricks undoubtedly drew a large crowd to listen to Shaw, and he did not fail to deliver himself of his peculiar faith to that crowd when he had collected it; but there were considerable drawbacks to his method of securing attention. The crowd could never quite rid itself of the belief that Shaw was "one of those comic chaps." It admitted that he was a very clever "comic chap," but firmly at the back of the popular mind was the belief that Shaw did not mean one half of what he said and was not entirely sincere about the remaining half. It liked to see him performing in public, and it paid large sums of money to hear him lecture in behalf of causes that were abhorrent to it. Duchesses, for example, contributed heavily to the funds of Socialist societies simply for the privilege of hearing him speak, and duchesses do not love Socialist societies. The crowd talked about him to a remarkable extent; it read his books; it attended performances of his plays; it went to hear him lecture . . . but it insisted that what was important about him was, not his advocacy of this or that, but his power to excite laughter. When he was most in earnest, the crowd said, "He's so witty!" and left the matter there. That, perhaps, is why *Common Sense and the War* aroused so much wrath in England. The crowd, accustomed to tittering behind its hand or laughing outright at Shaw's wit, was dis-

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concerted by the serious way in which he dealt with the War in that notorious pamphlet. It was so shocked by what he said that it professed to be indignant that any man could cut comic capers at so awful a moment. Shaw was not cutting any capers, comic or otherwise, but the crowd, trained by him to believe that he was a comedian, could not believe that he was capable of being anything else. That pamphlet, ill-timed, perhaps, in some respects, was yet well-timed in this respect, that it reminded the British people of their most priceless privilege, the right of free speech. The whole of the British press collapsed before the Press Censor, and editors were afraid to open their mouths about things which were scandalous. Bernard Shaw restored the freedom of the press. He said what he had to say and he said it with the utmost courage and force, and within a week or two from the date of publication of his pamphlet, the timid editors were rearing up their heads and daring to say "Boo!" to the political geese.

There were times, perhaps, when Shaw seemed to be yielding to the mob's desire to be tickled, when the one thing apparently that moved him was his delight in making the crowd giggle and guffaw; and now and then his friends felt that he was overdoing the tricks, that he was monotonously informing people that he was "better than Shakespeare" . . . a statement that seemed as idle as if Anatole France were to say that he was "better than" Victor Hugo, when in fact the men are so dissimilar that there is no means of comparing them . . . but the danger, such as it was, amounted to little: for when all the discount is made that can be made for possible charlatanry in Shaw's character, there remains this indisputable fact that he has left a mark on the thought and life not only of the English-speaking world, but of the whole of Western civilization, which cannot be eradicated. We may go to the theatre to laugh at Bernard Shaw, but we remain to think with him.

III.

Oddly enough, there was another dramatist, also an Irishman, whose practice was precisely the opposite of Bernard Shaw's: a shy, nervous man who permitted himself to be cheated of a position of authority because of his modesty. John Millington Synge was what Bernard Shaw might have been had he allowed his nature to run off to

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dark corners and hide itself. Synge could not compel himself to climb on to platforms or make extravagant boasts. He may have had the desire to make boasts, but he had not the courage to do so. An excellent comrade for an individual on a country road, he was so nervous in the presence of an audience of more than six people that he was in danger of physical sickness, and he may be said to have died of sheer inability to assert himself. Had it not been that Yeats was by to do Synge's boasting for him, the world might never have heard of that singular man of twisted talent. Yeats, indeed, boasted so loudly of Synge's gifts that superficial persons began to believe that Synge was a greater man than Yeats, and I remember on one occasion hearing young women, fresh from Newnham, boldly declaring that Yeats' chief title to remembrance would lie in the fact that he had discovered Synge! I have never been able to convince myself that Synge was a great man of genius; it is not necessary to convince oneself that Yeats is a great man of genius . . . the thing is obvious. Synge was a man of peculiar and interesting talent whose work smelt too strongly of the medicine bottle to be of supreme merit. He was the sick man in literature, and he had the sick man's interest in cruelty and harshness and violent temperaments. He had the weak man's envy of strength and the weak man's liability to mistake violence for strength. His plays were better than Yeats' plays . . . *Riders to the Sea* is immeasurably better than *Kathleen ni Houlihan* . . . but Yeats is a greater poet than Synge was a dramatist. I am disinclined to believe that Synge was a *great* dramatist. He brought a desirable element of bitterness and acrid beauty into the sticky mess of self-satisfaction and sentimentalism which is known as Irish Literature, but I feel that he was lacking in staying-power. He shot his bolt when he wrote *The Playboy of the Western World,* the chief value of which lay in the fact that it ripped up the smugness of the Irish people, than whom there are no other people in the world so pleased with themselves on such slender grounds, and taught them the much-needed lesson that they are very like the rest of God's creatures. Synge portrayed the Irish people faithfully as he saw them: he put in the element of poetry in the Celtic character, but he also put in the element of cruelty; he put in the wit and generosity, but he also put in the dullness and the greed; he put in the gallantry, but

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he also put in the cowardice; he put in the nobility, but he also put in the gross brutality. In other words, he saw at the same time the idealism of Padraic Pearse and Thomas MacDonagh permeated by the incredible brutality of some of Mr. De Valera's ruffians, who lately tore an old man of seventy years of age from a tramcar and foully murdered him in the street, while terrified Irishmen and women, destitute of physical and moral courage, stood by and watched them do it. He knew the delicate sense of beauty which suffuses the poetry of Padraic Colum and he smelt the odor of the charnel-house that rises from the work of James Joyce, and had he been able to keep the two sides of Irish character justly poised, he would have been a great man of genius; but he was not able to keep the balance between them . . . he tended more and more to see merit in cruelty and harshness, and he turned away from the sensitive and delicate beauty of Padraic Colum to the sewer-revelations of James Joyce. People tell me that *Deirdre of the Sorrows,* his unfinished play, is the greatest of all the plays that have been written about that unhappy and romantic lady; and perhaps what they say is true, for none of the plays that have been written about her, Herbert Trench's or A. E.'s or W. B. Yeats's, are in the great line, though all of them are interesting. But judged by itself or in relation to plays generally, it does not seem to me to be a great drama nor is it so meritable as some of Synge's own plays of earlier origin. It marks to me the limit of his range, and shows signs of drooping energy. Some may say that I am attributing to failing powers what should be attributed to sickness and the imminence of death, but I think I am dealing justly with this odd intruder into the realm of letters when I say that his talent was a small one and that had he lived for twice as many years as he actually did live, he would not have produced anything of greater note than he had written when he died.

IV.

Platform tricks saved Bernard Shaw from falling to the Synge level. Contact with rude men and ruder women in public places kept him in familiar alliance with normal things, and so it came about that his genius, though it soared, never soared out of sight. He marched ahead of the crowd, but he never went so far ahead of it that it could not catch up with him. He urged reluctant men and women to fol-

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low him along paths that were obscure and difficult, but he never urged them to try a path which he had not himself explored. Not all of his advice was accepted . . . not all of it was worthy of acceptance . . . but all of it, accepted or rejected, was listened to. He would have found a readier agreement to take his advice if he had been less logical in his arguments, but his mind governs his life so completely that he cannot make any allowances for the wayward character of the average man. He has given himself so completely to his mind that his feelings seem to have atrophied. He is incapable, apparently, of understanding the beauty and fascination of mere irrelevancy. A study of his work reveals no consciousness on his part of natural beauty. He seems not to know that a tree is a lovely thing, that its loveliness is entirely without moral or sociological significance. He would probably agree with Dr. Johnson that one field is very like another field, that water in one part of the world is identical with water in another part of the world . . . and would be just as remote from the truth as Dr. Johnson was: for one field is not like another field, and water in one place can be very dissimilar in look from water in some other place. Shaw would not suffer one pang at the destruction of St. Paul's Cathedral if he felt that its destruction made the processes of life slightly more convenient to the ordinary citizen. If he had to choose between Reims Cathedral and an improved drainage system for France . . . a thing which France very badly needs, as anyone with a nose can tell . . . he would choose the drainage system. The College of Cardinals is less lovely in the eyes of Bernard Shaw than the members of a Borough Council. He would rather possess a good fountain-pen than the first folio of Shakespeare's plays. There was a man in Dublin who singularly resembled him in everything except wit. Francis Sheehy Skeffington, who was wrongly executed in the Easter Rebellion in Dublin in 1916, had Shaw's logical faculty without Shaw's redeeming wit. He was a very honest, courageous, and personally attractive man, just as Bernard Shaw is, but he was also a very wrong-headed man and totally incapable of any sort of concerted action with other people. Bernard Shaw's wit brings him into more cordial relationship with other human beings than Sheehy Skeffington would ever have achieved. I remember, just before the war began, meeting Skeffington in North Wales. He, too,

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was insensible to natural beauty and was without respect for tradition or ancient institutions. I took him one evening to a lake in Anglesey where many reeds grew. I asked him to watch while I clapped my hands, and when I had done so, thousands of starlings flew out of the reeds with a great fluttering of wings, making a tremendous disturbance because they had been roused from their sleep. Skeffington gazed at these birds as if he had never seen a starling before. I judged by the look of astonishment in his face that if he could have persuaded himself to believe in magic, he would have regarded me as a magician. By merely smiting my hands, I had filled the air with fluttering birds! This experience so interested me that I decided to make other experiments with Skeffington, and so, on the following day, I took him to a field outside the village where some very fine druidical remains were to be seen. I led him up to the stones and waited to see what effect they would have upon him. He looked at them for a few moments, and then, quite unmoved by the fact that they had been standing there for more than a thousand years and were all that was left of an ancient religion, he took a piece of paper from his pocket and, murmuring in his high-pitched Ulster voice, "I think I'll do a little propaganda!" thrust it into a crevice of the old altar. The paper had VOTES FOR WOMEN on it! He was totally incapable of understanding why this act of his disgusted me. His mind was indifferent to such things as tradition . . . he simply could not visualize those stones as anything other than a remarkably useful hoarding on which to advertise his latest enthusiasm. I suppose that if he thought of the druids at all, he thought contemptuously of them as barbarians to whom had been denied the enlightenment that he had; and his desperately logical mind, working on the fact that many persons would visit these remains, suggested to him that here was an excellent opportunity of thrusting his propaganda upon the attention of people reluctant to give any heed to it! . . .

I cannot conceive of Bernard Shaw doing just that thing because his wit would save him from it; but I feel that if his wit were taken from him or had been denied to him, he would have behaved exactly as Sheehy Skeffington behaved then. It is his superb, spontaneous wit that keeps him in continuous contact with normal men. Synge had no wit,

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and because he had not, was thrust into solitude. Skeffington had no wit . . . there never was on earth a man so destitute of a sense of humor as Francis Skeffington . . . and because he had not, he lived a life of intellectual isolation from his fellows in spite of the fact that most people liked him. Skeffington's courage and honesty . . . and I have known few men so courageous and honest as he was . . . served him partly, but not wholly, as Bernard Shaw's wit serves him. Shaw has great intellectual courage and is a very honest man, but these qualities, though they win respect in the long run, have an isolating effect on a man in such a world as this, and were it not for his wit, G. B. S. would be an Ishmael, too. Take the wit from Shaw and the courage from Sheehy Skeffington, substitute for them a fractious sense of beauty, and the result is . . . John Millington Synge.

V.

Gilbert Chesterton has illustrated the peculiar quality of the English mind by comparing the roads of France with the roads of England; and the comparison might be used to illustrate the difference between the mind of Bernard Shaw and the mind of the average man. Chesterton, with that startling profundity that is to be discovered in much of his writing that seems at first merely to be conjuring stuff, asserts that the design of English and French roads, the first all winding and irregular, the second straight as if drawn with the aid of a ruler, shows a fundamental difference between the two races: the English as wayward and casual as their roads, going lazily and easily to their journey's end; the French as logical and well-defined as their roads, going without any circumlocution to their journey's end. Shaw's mind goes directly to its goal, and he tries to persuade the rest of mankind to follow his example. But the rest of mankind does not wish to go by the most direct route to any goal: it wants to dally on the way; it wants to explore all the little bye-paths and hidden corners; it even wants to turn back on its course to examine again some place that it has already seen; and above all, it wants to waste time. When Shaw contemplates the world engaged in this careless way of living, he bursts into a passion of wit where less gifted men, such as Sheehy Skeffington, would burst into anger, and he lashes the world with his tongue. Mankind, because

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Shaw is a genius, listens to him, as mankind always has listened to men of genius, in a puzzled fashion, and even speculates on whether it ought not to follow his advice . . . but it is in the nature of man to be illogical, and so, after a little thought, man goes on being wayward and casual. Even in France, where logic has become an obsession, men are more illogical than Shaw would have them be; and it is a very curious commentary on his work that in so logical a country as France, his plays make far less stir than in any other country in Europe. I imagine that the French are so cursed with logic that their minds revolt from the extreme reasoning of Shaw as an overloaded stomach revolts from rich food. Once, in France, when my battalion was marching along a road towards a part of the country in which we had been some weeks before, I heard a soldier in my platoon saying to his comrade as we came to familiar places, "Thank God, they've cut down those bloody trees!" and immediately I understood why the French roads bored the British soldier. That inexorable logic, all that neatness, those terribly straight roads with the trees growing at regular intervals . . . "dressing by the right" as the soldiers said . . . and looking as if the men who planted them had performed the operation according to some mathematical formula . . . all these things, inhumanly tidy and well-ordered, nauseated the mind. I have done much walking on English and French roads, and I will wager that boredom will seize the traveller on a French road long before his interest on an English road has been exhausted. And in their unintellectual, instinctive, wayward fashion, the English are more right about life than the French are. Bernard Shaw, I imagine, is incapable of understanding the state of mind of my soldier who thanked God that the neatly-arranged trees on the neatly-designed French road had been cut down. To him it would seem right that if trees are to be grown at all, they should be grown according to formula. He sees something stupid and wrong in the English method of planting an acorn in any hole that is visible and letting the tree grow as it pleases.

VI

He is greatly generous to young men. Like most of my contemporaries I have imposed upon his good nature very often. I sent *Jane Clegg* and *John Ferguson* in manuscript

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to him and asked him if he would read them and tell me what his opinion of them might be. Probably a dozen or more young men were doing exactly the same thing with their MSS. He could probably spend the whole of his time reading other men's plays, if he were to let his good nature go uncontrolled. But he read my plays and wrote long, valuable letters of advice about them to me. I hesitate to mention this fact lest it should cause an avalanche of MSS. to fall upon him, but I am trying to draw his portrait, and unless I mention his generosity to young men, the portrait will not be a faithful one. I am under personal obligations to him of many sorts, and I do not know of any man who so freely helps his friends and says so little about it. He is now nearly sixty-four years of age, but there are no signs of age about him other than the fact that his hair and his beard, once red, have turned white. He still has the mind and eagerness of a young man. His walk is as springy and alert as it was when I first knew him, as I am sure it has always been. When I see him in the street sometimes, tall, lean, very tidy and almost foppish in an unusual way, walking with great assurance and ease, examining now and then his very shapely hands, and gazing about him with that queer, quizzical, kindly look in his pleasant eyes that is so significant of him, I feel that although he is thirty years older than I am, according to the official records, he is, in spirit, thirty years younger. Bernard Shaw will never be old. If he lives to be a centenarian, he will still be talking like a young man; and perhaps it is his extraordinary youth and vitality, as much as his disrespect for established things, that draws young men inevitably to him. His fearless, challenging spirit attracted all those who were in revolt against stagnant beliefs; and even now, when the multitude seems to have caught up with him and his views are less startling than they were a few years ago, he still stimulates the minds of the young and the eager and sends them bounding forward. "You should so live," he once said, "that when you die, God is in your debt!" He bids men and women strive to put more into the common pool than they take out, and he asserts with something like moral fury that anyone who is taking more from the common pool than he puts in, is cheating both God and man. There are querulous persons who say that Shaw's work will not live. Their forefathers probably said that Shakespeare's work would not live, that

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Cervantes' work would not live, that Fielding's work would not live, that Dickens' work would not live; and no doubt they produced sound arguments to support their faith. Who could have believed that *Don Quixote,* a mere skit on contemporary novelettes, would win universal favor, or that *Pickwick Papers,* mere verbiage for a set of pictures drawn by a popular artist, would live? Yet these local, topical, and very contemporary things will not perish. Bernard Shaw has indisputably affected the thoughts and lives of thinking men and women on two continents for thirty years. He is a very daring fellow who asks us to believe that this brilliant, original, forceful mind will not continue to affect the thoughts and lives of thinking men and women for generations to come.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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THE LETTERS OF HENRY JAMES[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IT is significant that the first of these wonderful letters ends with a spontaneous expression of affectionate tenderness—" dear girl, and dear incomparable all "; and that in the last of them, written a few months before his death, the writer is, to a friend of only six years' standing, " fondestly yours." For half a century Henry James poured himself out to his friends in letters that are matchless for their prodigal and eager flow of sympathy, their inexhaustible kindliness, their ample and exquisite tenderness, their beautiful generosity.

There are more than 400 letters and almost a thousand pages in Mr. Lubbock's priceless assemblage, and they extend from the fourth year following the Civil War to the second year of the World War; from James Russell Lowell to H. G. Wells; from Henry James's twenty-sixth year to that convulsed and final winter of 1915-16 when, stunned and outraged and engulfed by the monstrous anomaly, he shrouded his soul in the mists of his beloved London and, with a last weary gesture of unspeakable indignation, went to his cloudy immortality.

He died an avowed and legalized Englishman. It is pleasant to reflect that he was vouchsafed the opportunity to shuffle off the coil of his abhorred Americanism while there was still time to savor the ecstasy of being a subject of George the Fifth. He could not conceivably have been a happy American after he had known England. The English scene was as necessary to his functioning as is a dark-room to the development of a photographic plate. Henry James as a contented and productive American is as unimaginable as an aeroplane flying in a coal mine. It is as

[1] *The Letters of Henry James.* Selected and Edited by Percy Lubbock. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1920.

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absurd to wonder at or to resent his passionate expatriation as it would be to feel aggrieved surprise at the inclination of a drowning man toward a life-preserver. Henry James could no more tolerate the air of These States than a human lung can tolerate sea-water. His reminiscent loathing of America, his horror at the thought of a repeated visit, his shuddering repugnance whenever the memory or the threat of his native land emerged, were inevitable and incurable.

But this emotion constitutes almost the only vein of unamiability in all the large, rich, tolerant, magnificently benign expanse of the Letters. Their benevolence is extraordinary—their benevolence and their undammed emotional exuberance. It is amusing to read these Letters in the light of one's memory of those ancient prepossessions concerning the vaporous attenuations of Henry James' psychic microcosm. That dull and stupid illusion of bloodlessness, of an inner world of rarefied complexities, exhibiting a passionateness only spectral and alembicated—how grotesque those fumbling incomprehensions seem as we get to know more and more intimately the essential James! They never, of course, were possible to anyone who had recognized his fundamental simplicity, ardor, and expansiveness, his spiritual naïveté, the perfect openness and confiding guilelessness of his approach.

His friendly and torrential copiousness must often have smitten with guilt his more sensitive correspondents. Was not Edmund Gosse overwhelmed with contrition when he received from H. J. that marvellous effusion provoked by Gosse's inquiry about Maupassant's legend of the two Englishmen and the Monkey? Here is a little of it: "I didn't in the least know that M. was going to be so remarkable . . . I didn't even know that the monkey was going to be, or even realize the peculiar degree and nuance of the preserved lustre awaiting ces messieurs . . . Guy's story dropped into my mind but as an unrelated thing, or rather as one related, and indeed with much intensity, to the peculiarly 'rum,' weird, macabre and unimaginative light in which the interesting, or in other words the delirious, in English conduct and in English character, are—or were especially then—viewed in French circles sufficiently self-respecting to have views on the general matter at all, or in other words among the truly refined and enquiring . . . Really what has remained with me is but the note of two elements—that of

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the Monkey's jealousy, and that of the Monkey's death; how brought about the latter I can't at all at this time of day be sure, though I am haunted as with the vague impression that the poor beast figured as having somewhat destroyed *himself,* committed suicide through the separate injuria formae . . . Some thin ghost of an impression abides with me that the 'jealousy' was more on the Monkey's part toward him than on his toward the Monkey; with which the circumstance that the Death I seem most (yet so dimly) to disembroil is simply and solely, or at least predominantly . . . "

You wonder how Gosse must have felt if it shamingly occurred to him that he had diverted the whole elaborate, formidable, rumbling, earth-shaking machinery of Henry James' expository mechanism from its possible employment in evolving another *Golden Bowl* to the accommodating projection of an anecdote about a monkey. If we had been Gosse, we could not easily have survived.

Mr. Lubbock, in his admirable commentary upon the Letters, speaks of H. J.'s generous conception of the humblest correspondent's claim on him for response. He could not answer a brief note of friendliness save with pages of abounding eloquence. " He never dealt in the mere small change of intercourse; the post-card and the half-sheet did not exist for him; a few lines of enquiry would bring from him a bulging packet of manuscript, overwhelming in its disproportion. No wonder that with this standard of the meaning of a letter he often groaned under his postal burden. He discharged himself of it, in general, very late at night; the morning's work left him too much exhausted for more composition until then. At midnight he would sit down to his letter-writing and cover sheet after sheet, sometimes for hours, with his dashing and not very readable script. Occasionally he would give up a day to the working off of arrears by dictation, seldom omitting to excuse himself to each correspondent in turn for the infliction of the 'fierce legibility' of type. The number of his letters was in fact enormous."

Exuberance, ardor, responsiveness — those are the salient notes of the chord that is struck and sustained throughout this astonishing epistolary fantasia. He writes to " Dear Edith " [Mrs. Wharton] that " it hideously looks " as if he hadn't " deeply revelled and rioted " in her " beau-

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tiful letter"—which "thrilled me to the core." Again, he feels his long silence to be "hideous and infamous." The effect of a volume of his brother William's philosophical essays was "exquisitely and adorably cumulative." English will not, at times, contain the bubbling and welling current of his utterance, and it overflows in barbarous and amusing international blends: "I can bear tragedies so little —Tout se rattache so à *the* thing."

The present of a leather dressing-case from Mr. W. V. R. Berry provoked him to a thousand-word deprecation that must have caused Mr. Berry to wonder what reaction a more imposing gift would have produced:

> I can't live with him [the dressing-case] you see; because I can't live up to him. His claims, his pretensions, his dimensions, his assumptions and consumptions, above all the manner in which he causes every surrounding object (on my poor premises or within my poor range) to tell a dingy or deplorable tale—all this makes him the very scourge of my life, the very blot on my scutcheon. He doesn't regild that rusty metal—he simply takes up an attitude of gorgeous swagger, straight in front of all the rust and the rubbish, which makes me look as if I had stolen *somebody* else's (re-garnished *blason*) and were trying to palm it off as my own. . . . I simply can't *afford* him, and that is the sorry homely truth. *He is out of the picture*—out of *mine;* and behold me condemned to live forever with that canvas turned to the wall. Do you know what that means?—to have to give up going about at all, lest complications (of the most incalculable order) should ensue from its being seen what I go about *with.* Bonne renommée vaut mieux que sac-de-voyage doré, and though I may have had weaknesses that have brought me a little under public notice, my modest hold-all (which has accompanied me in most of my voyage through life) has at least, so far as I know, never *fait jaser.* . . . That you shouldn't have counted the cost—to yourself—that is after all perhaps conceivable (quoiqu' à peine!) but that you shouldn't have counted the cost to *me,* to whom it spells ruin: *that* ranks you with one of those great lurid, though lonely, romantic and historic figures and charmers who have scattered their affections and lavished their favors only (as it has presently appeared) to consume and to destroy! More prosaically, dearest Walter (if one of the most lyric acts recorded in history—and one of the most finely æsthetic. . . .

—and so on, for another page or two. Delicious virtuosity it is, no doubt: but what an awe-inspiring surplus of energy, and time, and generosity it connotes, and what an almost devastating passion of obligation it suggests in poor H. J.! But he was like that. If you sat at his table, or even came to his back door, the least that you could be dismissed with was a whole chicken and an unravished layer-cake, lighted

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with as many candles as your assumed years had indicated —unless you asked for H. J.'s autograph, which would at once place you among those whom his heart was "absolutely hard against"—"one of the vulgarest and dustiest and poorest" products of America the unspeakable.

"Only difficulty interests me," he says somewhere in these Letters. Only difficulty, and kindliness, and the instant flash of sympathy and its studiously nourished flame, and the opportunity to respond—to lend, to give, to resound to: that, as it seems, was his perpetual concern. And he spent himself fabulously in the enterprise.

His luxuriance of feeling, of cerebration, of expression, is astounding, but so are his tact and his finesse. The miracle is that his superabundance never becomes oppressive; his ceremonial elaborateness is never pompous, never ornate. His tact, his humor, his infallible awareness, never desert him. It is endlessly delightful to see him adjusting the quality of his discourse to the ear that is to receive it, conforming his delivery to the character of the occasion, of the mood, of the recipient, with delicate and perfect rightness. His letters to Hugh Walpole are one thing; to Wells quite another thing; to Gosse and Howells and A. C. Benson and W. E. Norris, utterly distinct and precisely aimed.

He met the most difficult occasions with consummate justness. It is hard to imagine anything more perfect in tone, in exquisite appropriateness of gesture, than the triumphantly felicitous letter of thanks which he wrote in acknowledgment of the tribute offered to him by two hundred and seventy of his friends upon his seventieth birthday, in the form of a letter, a piece of plate, and a request that he sit for his portrait. "I have tried," he wrote Lubbock, "to steer a middle way between hysterical emotion and marble immortality." Well, he did. The letter is too long for full reproduction; but here is an example of its easy riding over perilous gulfs:

> Let me acknowledge with boundless pleasure the singularly generous and beautiful letter, signed by your great and dazzling array and reinforced by a correspondingly bright material gage, which reached me on my recent birthday, April 15th. It has moved me as brave gifts and benedictions can only do when they come as signal surprises. I seem to wake up to an air of breathing good will the full sweetness of which I had never yet tasted. . . . You tell me together, making one rich tone of your many voices, almost the whole story of my social experience [in England], which I have reached the right

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point of living over again, with all manner of old times and places reviewed, old wonderments and pleasures reappeased and recaptured—so that there is scarce one of your ranged company but makes good the particular connection, quickens the excellent relation, lights some happy train and flushes with some individual color. I pay you my very best respects while I receive from your two hundred and fifty pair of hands, and more, the admirable, the inestimable bowl, and while I engage to sit, with every accommodation, to the so markedly indicated "one of you," my illustrious friend Sargent . . . I remain all faithfully and gratefully yours, HENRY JAMES.

Commiseration for him as a yielder of exorbitantly demanded largess is probably misplaced. His gayety is inveterate. To Charles Eliot Norton he writes from Lamb House, Rye (November, 1899) that he must presently take on himself "a care that may make you smile; nothing less than to proceed, a few moments hence, to Dover, to meet our celebrated friend (I think she can't *not*[1] be yours) Mrs. Jack Gardner, who arrives from Brussels, charged with the spoils of the Flemish school, and kindly pays me a fleeting visit on her way up to town. I must rush off, help her to disembark, see all her Van Eycks and Rubenses through the Customs and bring her hither, where three water-colors and four photographs of the 'Rye School' will let her down easily." He can be frivolous to Howells about the ineffable *Wings of the Dove*—"too long-winded and minute a thing, but well-meaning." He can even be light-hearted about a certain understudy for coffee—"a coffee reduced to second childhood, the prattle of senility . . . it interposes a little ease after the long and unattenuated grimness of cocoa." To "a delightful young man from Texas" [the inimitable Stark Young], who had written, through a friend, to ask for guidance in the study of H. J.'s books, he sent two alternative lists.[2] "When it comes to the shorter tales," he observed, "the question is more difficult (for characteristic selection) and demands separate treatment. Come to me about that, dear young man from Texas, later on—you shall have your little tarts when you have eaten your beef and potatoes." He avoided Daudet's funeral, as he explained to Miss Grace Norton, because he felt he

[1] This is a favorite locution of H. J.'s.

[2] Here they are, incidentally: The first list:—(1) *Roderick Hudson.* (2) *The Portrait of a Lady.* (3) *The Princess Cassamassima.* (4) *The Wings of the Dove.* (5) *The Golden Bowl.* The second list (this, H. J. says, "is, as it were, the more 'advanced'") :—(1) *The American.* (2) *The Tragic Muse.* (3) *The Wings of the Dove.* (4) *The Ambassadors.* (5) *The Golden Bowl.*

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should "go mad" if he "even once more, let alone twenty times more, heard Daudet personally compared (more especially *facially* compared, eyeglass and all) to Jesus Christ. Not a French notice of him that I have seen but has plumped it coquettishly out."

The aesthetic judgment scattered up and down the Letters are often, naturally, of the last acuteness . . . In the Letters of George Meredith he found little sustenance. He speaks shrewdly of "their rather marked non-illustration of his intellectual wealth . . . He was *starved,* to my vision, in many ways—and that makes him but the more nobly pathetic . . . The whole moral side of him throws out some splendidly clear lights—while the 'artist,' the secondary Shakespeare, remains curiously dim . . . It abides with us, I think, that Meredith was an admirable spirit even if not an *entire* mind." Eighteen years earlier, however, a reading of *Lord Ormont* had aroused his ire, and he had written to Gosse, with singular impatience and obtuseness, that in *Lord Ormont* there was "not a figure presented, not a scene constituted"! You wonder if, later, he re-read and re-valued that work of indisputable genius.

H. G. Wells was always, to some extent, grit in his teeth, though, after reading *The New Machiavelli,* he saluted him as "much the most interesting and masterful prose-painter of your English generation . . . Your big feeling for life, your capacity for chewing up the thickness of the world in such enormous mouthfuls . . . this constitutes for me a rare and admirable and wonderful exhibition on your part." But to Gosse he spoke later of the "weakness and looseness" of Wells' fabric, "the utter going by the board of any real self-respect of composition and of expression." A few years later, however, he told Wells that his "faculty" was "of the highest price": "Your temper and your hand form one of the choicest treasures of our time."

For Kipling he exhibits a progressive dislike. In 1896 he is "laid low" by "the absolutely uncanny talent—the prodigious special faculty," of *The Seven Seas.* "It's all *violent,* without the charm of a nuance or a hint of 'distinction'; all prose trumpets and castanets and such—with never a touch of the fiddle-string or a note of the nightingale. But it's magnificent and masterly in its way, and full of the most insidious art. He's a rum 'un—and one of the

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very few first *talents* of the time." A year later his view of Kipling's "prose future" "has much shrunken in the light of one's increasingly observing how little of life he can make use of—almost nothing civilized save steam and patriotism—and the latter only in verse, where I *hate* it so, especially mixed up with God and goodness . . . In his earliest time I thought he perhaps contained the seeds of an English Balzac; but I have quite given that up in proportion as he has come steadily from the less simple in subject to the more simple—from the Anglo-Indians to the natives, from the natives to the Tommies, from the Tommies to the quadrupeds, from the quadrupeds to the fish, and from the fish to the engines and screws." Kipling's "exploitation of the patriotic idea" seemed to him (later still) "not really much other than the exploitation of the name of one's mother or one's wife. Two or three times a century—yes; but not every month."

. . . . . .

Always you see him clinging to his implicational world, that world where processes were comparatively negligible, and fruitions everything, or nearly everything. As Mr. Lubbock penetratingly says of him, he found in the social scene, wherever its "crude beginnings have been left furthest behind, wherever its forms have been most rubbed and toned by the hands of succeeding penetrations . . . not an obliteration of sharp character, but a positive enhancement of it, with the whole of its past crowded into its bosom. He clung to civilization, he was faithful throughout to a few yards of town pavement, not because he was scared by the rough freedom of the world, but rather because he was impatient of its insipidity."

It is perhaps undesirable to wonder how he would have regarded the publishing of his letters. He confessed to Howells in 1893 "a morbid passion for personal privacy and a standing quarrel with the blundering publicity of the age . . . The sight of my own name on a printed page makes me . . . ill." No doubt he outgrew this indisposition. And the kind of "publicity" involved in Mr. Lubbock's discreet and skillful management of the Letters is very far from "blundering." And yet . . . one has a stab of compunction at many points, where the quivering of the wounded flesh is hard to look upon—as in that unspeakably touching post-

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script to the letter announcing to Miss Norton the death of William James. That cry of his brother's—"Think of us, dear Grace, think of us!"—is terrible to overhear.

But these Letters are priceless, and one would not relinquish them, whatever measure of guilt their possession may involve. They are too corroborating in their disclosures to be foregone. They reëstablish one's assurance of the occasional passage through life of those who care supremely for what it is probably the most dubious wisdom to prize at all—that love of "the finer grain," that quest for the ultimate sources of beauty and sincerity, which was his changeless passion.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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LITERARY SCOUTING IN PARIS

BY THEODORE STANTON

FOR the past quarter of a century I have been acting, among other literary occupations, as a sort of European Editor *in partibus* of this periodical, and in this way have often been brought into interesting relations with many men and women prominent in the political, literary, and artistic circles of the Old World. It is my purpose in this article to jot down a few of the impressions produced on me by these persons before my recollections become too dim to recall.

Of the little group of women writers whom my work brought me into contact with, one of the most brilliant, as she certainly was one of the most genial, was unquestionably the late Mme. Blanc, known in letters as Th. Bentzon. American authors are greatly indebted to this indefatigable and sympathetic Frenchwoman who, during a long period of years, introduced our best writers to the European world through the widely-read and influential pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In her cozy little *entresol* looking out on the Place Victor Hugo, she always enjoyed chatting with an American concerning things American and especially concerning American literary matters. Perhaps my most curious souvenir of those *tête-à-têtes* is that which has to do with Mark Twain and his "Notorious Frog of Calaveras County." In 1872 Mme. Blanc published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a biographical and critical sketch of the American humorist, when probably many Europeans heard of him and his fun for the first time. As an example of his manner, Mme. Blanc translated in full this frog story. Readers of Mark Twain's volume of *Sketches* will remember that he there gives his original text, Mme. Blanc's version, and then a funny retranslation from the French into English, or, as he puts it, "In English, then in French, then clawed back into civilized language once more by patient, unremunerated toil." Incredible as it may seem, Mme.

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Blanc was greatly offended at this banter at her expense and complained to me almost bitterly at " the ungenerous way I have been treated by a fellow writer to whom I had been most kind." My explanation of this apparent obtuseness, so rare in the French and so surprising in a woman of Mme. Blanc's natural perspicacity, is that in his brief introduction to this chapter of his book, Mark Twain shows that he did not know the identity of Mme. Blanc and was not aware even that she was a woman.

. . . .

My experiences with some of the European authors in persuading them to try a stenographer in the production of their articles were varied and I must say that I found them as a rule very recalcitrant to any innovation of this sort, for some of them were still clinging faithfully to the quill pen.

My first notable affair of this kind was with Emile Zola, when he wrote for the REVIEW his admirable article, "War," an article which could be read with advantage even today, though it was written more than nineteen years ago. While it is quite true that there was much that was mechanical in Zola's method of composition, he was unquestionably a stylist, or rather was never weary of amending and striving to improve his text. I had a good example of this at the burial of Alphonse Daudet, where Zola was the principal speaker. I stood directly behind him when he read his oration and I noticed that his manuscript was black with erasures and additions. While we were at Père Lachaise cemetery, the afternoon *Temps* was engaged in setting up an advance copy of Zola's speech, and a few hours later I read the printed version, and, at a glance, was struck by the many differences between it and the one that I had seen and heard at the cemetery. A day or two later Zola told me that, after giving the *Temps* reporter, on the morning of the funeral, what he thought would be his speech, he went carefully over the manuscript again and in fact kept at work at it until the moment came to go to Daudet's house in the Rue de l'Université, where the procession started on its long march across the chilly city. So, after this experience, I really had no ground to be surprised at what happened some years later when I persuaded Zola to dictate to a stenographer his NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW article.

One morning in the winter of 1900-1 I arrived at Zola's

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house in the Rue de Bruxelles, accompanied by one of the best stenographers of Paris. Zola soon appeared in the billiard-room where " the experiment," as he called it, was to be made. He held in his hand a half dozen small sheets of paper on which he had jotted down a certain number of notes. I introduced the two men and then left them alone, lest my presence should be a source of interruption of some kind. Two days later I received from the stenographer a copy of the dictation and nearly a week thereafter came from Zola the copy which had been sent to him. Though I had previously called his attention to the fact that, as the manuscript was to be translated into English and would not appear in the original French, he need not worry over little matters of style or shades of meaning, he had labored over the paragraphs as if they were to be placed at the head of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* In fact the sheets were in such a state that I had to send them all to the typewriter for a clean copy before putting the article in the hands of the translator. The following month I met Zola on the Boulevards, when his first words were, " Never will I try that system again; pen, ink and paper in my own hands will be my only tools."

. . . .

But this view was not shared by another able and voluminous French writer of a very different stamp in every respect from the Father of Naturalism. I refer to Emile Ollivier. In the closing years of his busy life, his intellectual wife, who is also the author of several volumes of her own, acted as his amanuensis, and though he did not abandon the pen himself, she wrote at his dictation, and rewrote practically all of the hundreds of pages which form his real *magnum opus,* the seventeen volumes of *L'Empire Liberal.* So when I proposed a stenographer, Emile Ollivier rather welcomed the idea and evidently enjoyed the experiment. I sent him the same stenographer whom I had sent to Zola; but how different the results! When the typewritten manuscript reached me, after having passed under the eyes of its author, it did not contain more than a half dozen changes and two or three of these were either misspelt names, a wrong date or an incorrect accent, faults all of which were to be attributed, probably, to the typewriter. And the next time I saw M. Ollivier, he remarked: " I only wish my wife understood stenography and could use the typewriter."

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And the next time I saw the stenographer, he remarked: "I only wish all my clients were like M. Ollivier. He dictated as though he were delivering an oration in public. There was not a break or hesitation. My pencil moved on without a stop to the very end. There were no corrections or additions. All of which was very different from my experience with M. Zola, who dictated as if he had a big book before him, through whose pages he was searching for passages here and there which he could read out to me. Then there were modifications here and new matter inserted there, and all this without end or plan, it seemed to me, the half distracted stenographer. I never knew exactly where I was during the dictation."

A year or two later, when Emile Ollivier was called upon to make the reception speech to a new member of the French Academy, some surprise was occasioned and some criticism was indulged in because, contrary to Academic custom, he did not read his oration but delivered it with no manuscript before him and even without notes in his hand. And then I recalled how he spoke what was to have been a NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW article, but which, through a clerical error, was sent to another periodical where it duly appeared; and so I did not share the surprise of the academicians and the public which attends these ceremonies "under the cupola."

. . . .

The fine article by Rodin, which the REVIEW published, "The Gothic in the Cathedrals and Churches of France," was prepared in a manner that combined the system tried with Zola and Ollivier and the ordinary method of holding one's pen oneself. It was of course too much to expect so busy a man as this sculptor to sit down at his desk with quill and paper and write such an article. He had not had experience in composition of this sort and the task would not only have been laborious but probably unsatisfactory. Then again, Rodin did himself justice only when he was "drawn out." His head was full of ideas, many of them grand ideas, but the ideas were apt to stay in his head unless somebody or something forced them to come forth. So that article was the product of conversations with the celebrated artist held in his picturesque home on the heights of Meudon and in the big workshop in the Rue de l'Université on the banks of the Seine, at Paris. Nor

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did the article undergo translation in the ordinary sense. It was written by the "direct method," so to speak, by Professor Frederick Lawton, whose knowledge of French nearly equals his very fine mastery of English, and whose acquaintance with the personality and mentality of Rodin—Mr. Lawton has written the sculptor's biography—is almost as thorough as his grasp of the two tongues just mentioned. So what Rodin said in French was immediately, *séance tenante,* put down on paper in English. If there was any doubt about word or thought, it was then and there cleared up. If a statement seemed rich if developed, Rodin was questioned, suggestions were made, and a brief phrase often became a long and striking paragraph. And when the whole article was done, it was carefully translated to the listening artist who then made any additions, corrections or explanations deemed necessary. The result was that this article is not only a remarkable exposition of the Gothic, but a curious specimen of a translation which is not a translation.

. . . .

Jean Jaurès, the celebrated French socialist leader, who, it will be remembered, was assassinated on the very eve of the World War, dictated very well, too, though he preferred to sit down with a pile of fool's-cap before him and throw off an article in his big firm handwriting at one sitting. On this subject his former private secretary, M. Lucien Bilange, wrote me as follows from the trenches of Flanders:

> When fatigued, after a long sitting of the Chamber where he had spoken or when he had just returned home from a lecture tour, Jaurès preferred to dictate to me, which he did very rapidly. Then a remarkable quality of his mind came out if he was interrupted, as was often the case, in the midst of one of these dictations. Though the subject of conversation might be quite different from that on which he was writing, the thread of thought of the latter was not broken and he would take up the matter again at the very phrase where he had stopped, it might be a half hour before, and go right on with it as if nothing had happened.

But Jaurès's flowery language, which sometimes bordered on mere verbosity, so involved his thought that it was often impossible to understand just what he meant, and I doubt if it would always have been easy for him to state exactly what was in his mind at the moment of writing certain enigmatic lines. In such cases, a whole paragraph of

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words was often reduced, in the translation, to a few clear sentences, and even the severest critic would have admitted, I think, after examining the two manuscripts, that the English "arrangement in black and white," as Whistler would have said, was more acceptable than the Mallarmé obscurity of the French original.

In this respect Jean Jaurès exactly resembled Emilio Castelar, both great orators, it will be noted. But the famous Spaniard's thought was more easily grasped, for he dwelt generally on political and historical subjects, whereas the Frenchman's favorite themes were as a rule the philosophy of socialism, which by their very essence were apt to be elusive, and were hard to transfer from one language into another. So Castelar's contributions to the REVIEW also had to be considerably curtailed, simplified and edited before they appeared in these pages, as otherwise they would have surpassed in unintelligibility Henry James's "second manner."

. . . .

During the summer months of the closing year of the last century sat daily in the east wing of the Paris Foreign Office the most remarkable, at least as regards personnel, international arbitration court that was, perhaps, ever convened. I refer to the body which met to decide the Anglo-Venezuelan conflict. The tribunal consisted of five members. For Venezuela were the Chief Justice of the United States and Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court. For Great Britain were the Lord Chief Justice and Lord Justice of Appeals Collins, while the fifth member was M. de Martens, the distinguished Russian authority on international law, who, by the way, was a contributor to the REVIEW. The counsel for Venezuela was headed by ex-President Harrison, and for England by the future Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, then known as Sir Richard Webster, Attorney General. None of this brilliant group of lawyers is alive today. The official agent for Venezuela was the former Minister of Venezuela at Washington and later at Paris, Señor J. M. de Rojas, who was invited by this periodical to prepare an article on the proceedings. The article was written but never printed, for what reason I do not now recall. But the following incident I do most distinctly recall.

The evening that Señor de Rojas handed me his manuscript, he gave me this account of what happened behind the

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scenes. The occurrence deserves to be recorded, as it does great credit to Chief Justice Fuller and to the United States, the then guardian of Venezuela's interests. " At the final sitting of the arbitrators, when the award was to be settled upon," said Señor de Rojas, " it was found that M. de Martens had been brought over almost wholly to the British point of view, so that the award, as originally intended, would have been a veritable disaster for Venezuela and, indirectly, for the United States too. Thereupon the Chief Justice, filled with anxiety and indignation, sprang from his seat and exclaimed in a most determined tone of voice: ' Gentlemen, such a one-sided award will throw back the cause of arbitration a century, and, which is more to the question before us, would be absolutely unjust to Venezuela. It is impossible for Justice Brewer and myself to accept such an award, and '—here the speaker raised his voice still higher —' such an award will never be accepted by the United States Senate, either; and what is more, I will see that it is not accepted! ' This threat had the desired effect, and if my country came off with some honor, though far too little, I think, it is due to the determined and uncompromising stand of Chief Justice Fuller, well seconded by Justice Brewer." I do not know whether this anecdote had its place in the article, but it is highly probable that it did not, as all the parties therein mentioned were then alive.

. . . .

But a contribution rejected in one editorial sanctum is sometimes warmly welcomed in another. The excellent article by Honoré de Balzac, " Modern Government," which appeared in these pages in the number for December, 1900, is a good example of this fact. I found it among the manuscripts of that indefatigable and eccentric Belgian collector, the late Viscount Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, who told me it had been written for a periodical of Louis Philippe's time, but had not been accepted by the editor. So what was originally intended for a French audience appeared some seventy years later before an American one, and the honorarium of 1830, which, probably, would not have done more than settle the butcher's bill of the ever-bankrupt French novelist, was large enough in 1900 to pay the year's rent, taxes included, of the Belgian's flat in the Rue d'Alger, Paris.

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I might go on and speak of my relations with such other Frenchmen as the late Senator Jean Macé, author of the once popular, even in English, book entitled, *The History of a Mouthful of Bread,*" who wrote in the REVIEW on "Universal Suffrage in France"; of Georges Clemenceau, who contributed in 1897 two articles on the French navy; and of Camille Flammarion, who related in the number for January, 1890, how he became an astronomer; of Yves-Guyot and Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the French free-traders, who have treated several economic problems in these pages; of Jules Roche, the French Deputy, who has discussed "The National Debt of France" and "Socialism and the State"; but I must stop here as I have already over-run my allotted space.

THEODORE STANTON.

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A LUSTRUM

FIVE years are not a long space in the life of a man, unless to the impatient youth; only one-fourteenth part of the span prescribed by Moses. Still less are they in the life of a perennial institution like THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which has already survived all who were living at its birth, and yet is still exultant and elate with the long thoughts of youth. But five years are sufficient time for the doing of much work, especially when there is much work to be done. We should doubt if there had been another five years in human history, since, at least, the first century of our era, which surpassed in vital and enduring moment to the welfare of mankind the period comprised by the dates 1915 and 1920. That period began with the destruction of the *Lusitania* in May, 1915; which, through the inexorable grinding of the mills of God, assured America's entrance into the Great War of Humanity against the Huns. It ended, let us say, with the President's self-slaughter of his League of Nations scheme; a happy tragedy, enabling America to face the world without fear and without reproach and say, "We are a people yet!"

We are still too close to those years and to their great events to scan their full perspective and to realize their purport. But there is none who does not feel that it is no light thing to be able merely to say, with Sièyes, "I have lived." Immeasurably greater is it to have lived and to have acted, to have been a vital, a potent, perhaps in some respects a determining part in the epochal achievements of such a time. And such is the record which this REVIEW may claim for these first five years of its second century.

It was the fortune of this periodical to be founded at a tremendous conjuncture and climax of human affairs; one of the greatest in history. Men then thought of Waterloo —and rightly—as we think or should think of the Marne.

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A little later they were thinking of the Holy Alliance as we think of the League of Nations. It was a time, too, of intense intellectual activity and productivity, and of epochal inventions and enterprises in the industrial and commercial world; even as is the present time.

The men who founded THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW were deeply imbued with the spirit of that age, and it is not over-fanciful to assume that they imparted a full measure thereof to this, their literary offspring. This REVIEW was born in a great time, and was born for great things. Five years ago we recalled the story of its first century, of those who had contributed to its pages, and of its own contributions to the progress of the Nation and of the world. To-day, avoiding alike the reproach of the egoist and of the too great eulogist of time past, we may justifiably claim that its second century has begun in a manner not unworthy of its first, and that the lustrum just past has been second in interest, in importance and in influence to none of its twenty predecessors.

There was the War. Beyond doubt it overshadowed every other interest and topic in the world. It would have been an affectation, a stultification, had not this REVIEW recognized that fact and accordingly given to the War the first place in its attention. Our readers will testify that it did so. Before America was involved as an actual belligerent, THE REVIEW strove to present the causes, the circumstances and the issues of the War, with completeness and with clarity, and, in accordance with its ancient principle, with all possible impartiality. If it printed Wayne MacVeagh's scathing arraignment of German "frightfulness," it also printed Houston Stewart Chamberlain's pro-German attack upon England. The articles by Norman Angell on the neutrality of the high seas, by David Jayne Hill on international morality, by Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton on the Kaiser's psychosis, by Henry M. Hyndman on British secret diplomacy, and by John Galsworthy on the psychology of England in the war, were a few of the contributions of this journal to the Nation's clear seeing and right thinking.

When at last the inevitable crisis came, detesting the necessity, yet recognizing it, THE REVIEW strove to bear the Fiery Cross throughout the land, to arouse the national conscience, the national spirit, the national militancy, for a victorious waging of the most righteous war in the world's

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annals against the wickedest foe that ever menaced humanity. Its *ad patriam* appeal was direct, intense, and multiform. John Grier Hibben wrote on the Higher Patriotism. Lindley M. Garrison discussed Problems of National Defence. Charles W. Eliot told How We should be Prepared. Albert Bushnell Hart contributed a Defence of the Monroe Doctrine. Major-General John F. O'Ryan considered the Role of the National Guard; Rear-Admiral C. F. Goodrich the Future of the Battleship; Franklin D. Roosevelt the Future of the Submarine; Charles O. Haines the Relation of the Railroads to National Defence; Representative John J. Fitzgerald the Fiscal Policy of Congress. Arthur H. Pollen, the foremost British authority, discussed the needs of our Navy from his expert point of view, and Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske contributed a notable series of articles on practically every pertinent theme of naval need, naval duty, and potentiality of naval achievement. Such were some of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S replies to Lord Northcliffe's suggestive article on what was likely to happen if America entered the war.

There were other aspects of the war and of war problems, urgent and commanding. There were the Liberty Loans and national finance in general, expertly considered by Benjamin Strong. There were the vast problems of railroad administration, authoritatively discussed by William Z. Ripley, Samuel O. Dunn and others. The perils of espionage engaged the attention of John B. Stanchfield, while David Jayne Hill wrote of the protection of American citizens. Proceeding to more abstract yet not less pertinent themes, William Dean Howells dwelt upon the significant conjuncture of America and Great Britain in the war, fulfilling the dream and the desire of Jefferson of more than ninety years before. In the domain of pure philosophy in public matters were various notable contributions, such as Philip Marshall Brown's on Democracy and Diplomacy, Joseph Jastrow's Pacifist Defence of Americanism, and Miss Margaret Sherwood's incomparable appeal for the conservation of our spiritual resources.

But American though it be in name and in fact, the outlook of this REVIEW, as of this continent, is upon all the world; wherefore it addressed itself to the interests of other Nations than our own in the World War and in its various

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settlements. There was no more pertinent theme than that of the relations between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, nor could it have been more authoritatively discussed than by George Macaulay Trevelyan. The two sides of one of the most contentious of all post-bellum settlements were presented by the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese in behalf of Italy and Italia Irredenta, and by V. R. Savic for the Jugo-Slav interests in the Adriatic. Gilbert Murray discussed the status of the British aristocracy in the war; Charles Johnston considered first Russia's position on the edge of the revolutionary abyss, and then her plight under the sway of Sovietism; Jerusalem and the Holy Land engaged the attention of Johan F. Scheltema; Admiral Sir Percy Scott told of the war as he had seen it from his place of duty; Demetrius C. Boulger told the story of the ill-starred Antwerp expedition; Shane Leslie discussed the pro-ally status of Irish Nationalists; Lady Kennard contributed a fascinating Roumanian wartime diary; St. John Ervine wrote of the effects of the war upon literature; H. Addington Bruce considered the psychology of the Red Cross movement; while one of the rarest masterpieces of our time was that realist-psychical study of "The Wing of Death" by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.

Directly relating to post-bellum settlements and future conditions was an impressive array of articles, American, European and Asiatic. Sidney Webb discussed the trade of the world after the war; Gilbert K. Chesterton the Real Secret Diplomacy, and plans for the next war; Emile Boutroux the status of the nations after the war; Edwin S. Corwin the freedom of the seas, and William Roscoe Thayer warned the nation and the world against a "Judas peace." Stephane Lauzanne discussed the relations of France to the peace treaty and gave his vivid impressions of the peace conference; Marcel Knecht drew striking sketches of the French Peace Commissioners; Miss Gertrude Slaughter told us of the significance of Fiume; Baron Rosen discussed Bolshevism and the other problems of Russia after the war; and the great controversy in the Far East was illuminated with contributions by Jeremiah W. Jenks on Japan in action and Japan and her neighbor, by K. K. Kawakami on Japan in China, and by J. C. Ferguson on Japan's use of her hegemony; while the problems of the "Lumber Room of Europe" were set forth by Professor A. Andreades in his

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discussion of Greece, Bulgaria and the Price of Nationality. Nor, seeing how vigorously this REVIEW had promoted intelligent and efficient prosecution of the war, was there any neglect of the no less important work of counselling America's wise course through the mazes of peacemaking and world-readjustment; in which the keen analyses of the Peace Treaty and the Covenant, by David Jayne Hill, James M. Beck and others contributed powerfully, as we must believe, to the ultimate triumph of American Nationality and thus performed a service comparable in enduring value with that of our soldiers in the field.

What we might term the by-products and the aftermath of the war received due consideration in John Galsworthy's discussion of the balance sheet of the soldier-workman; Barbara Spofford Morgan's presentation of the problem of the returned soldier; Joseph S. Auerbach's consideration of our welcome to the soldiers; Katherine Mayo's striking contributions of Demobilization and the State Police, and Under the Yellow Flag; Dr. W. W. Keen's on the fight against infection; William J. Mayo's on the Right to Health; and Howell Cheney's on Compulsory Health Insurance. The alien within our gates, both friend and foe, received attention in Miss Frances Kellor's discussion of the problems of immigration in reconstruction, and Chase S. Osborn's of the question whether deportation was the cure for the evils of sedition.

But the war had no monopoly of public and of national interests. Had all these articles and the many more relating to the Protean aspects of that great struggle been omitted from its pages, THE REVIEW would still have presented an impressive array of the most authoritative and practical essays on political and civic themes of commanding moment. Nor has this REVIEW been in these years a purely political, diplomatic, economical, civic publication. On the contrary, its pages have teemed with the richest products of literature and art as far removed from war and politics as though these latter had never been. The body of man lives not by bread alone, and his mind not alone upon the so-called practical topics of current interest. *Inter arma, literae non silent.* There were time and space amid the hurly-burly for a wealth of imaginative literature, of science and philosophy and art, of historical reminiscence, of criticism and of fiction. Arthur Symons could write on

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Verlaine and Baudelaire, Rossetti, and Browning, and Coventry Patmore. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch could discuss the workmanship of many of Shakespeare's plays. Frederic Harrison could write of Friar Bacon, G. W. E. Russell of John Bright, A. C. Swinburne (from a posthumous manuscript) of Christopher Marlowe, Clara Gruening Stillman of Samuel Butler, Helen McAfee of Tchekhov, Edith Wyatt of John Muir and Thoreau and Walt Whitman, Charles Wharton Stork of Gustav Fröding, William Lyon Phelps of Browning, Schopenhauer and Music, and of Archibald Marshall, Herbert L. Stewart of Thomas Hardy, St. John Ervine of many literary personages whom he has known, William Roscoe Thayer and Elihu Root of Theodore Roosevelt.

On more abstract planes of thought President A. Lawrence Lowell wrote of Culture, as though "Kultur" had never marred the world; Philip S. Moxom of a modern conception of God, Felix Grendon, of the conception of God found in the writings of Samuel Butler; H. B. Marriott Watson reviewed the relationship between orthodox science and psychical research, James H. Hyslop gave his expert views of the results of psychical research, and John Burroughs contributed a matchless series of articles on nature and ethics. Vincente Blasco Ibanez gave the REVIEW with his powerful sketch of "The Curse of Spain"; Vernon Lee offered fascinating pictures of some of the most interesting places in the world as they were before the war; and the best poems of Amy Lowell, Alfred Noyes, William Dean Howells, Alan Seeger, and a host of other singers, lyric and dramatic, here found first utterance to the listening world.

Five years of the world. Five years of humanity. Five years of America. Five years of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. They seem brief as a watch in the night, now that their tale is told—their tale, their tally, of numbers. But when their tale, their record of achievement, is told even so briefly, fragmentarily and imperfectly as in these present pages, it seems a story to make us all glad to have been alive, to have seen these things, and to have been ourselves some part of them.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

An epidemic of "outlaw" strikes has been sweeping the country, chiefly begun without warning and without any expressed reason, and generally aimed at causing as much inconvenience, loss and suffering as possible, not to the employers or to capitalists but to the public. They appear to have been planned and incited by some hidden agency, all meetings and deliberations being in secret, and the strikers themselves generally declaring that they did not know who had ordered them out, or why it had been done. They were also begun contrary to the wishes of the chief bodies of "organized labor," the Railroad Brotherhoods and the American Federation of Labor, and indeed to have been directed against them as much as against the employers. Three things were, however, from the first unmistakable. One was, that it was a deplorable mistake to drop the anti-strike provision from the new Railroad law. Even the Railroad Brotherhoods which formerly opposed those provisions recognized that fact, and clamored for the enforcement of some law against the "outlaw" strikers; apparently on the naïve theory that they themselves should be free to strike, but that nobody else should, under penalty. The second point was, that by their years of teaching men the right to strike and the right to oppose constituted authorities the Brotherhoods and the Federation played the part of Frankenstein and incited the men to strike, in the last resort, against themselves. The third, suggested by the demands of the "outlaws" for Government ownership of utilities and industries, was the most serious of all. By its readiness to yield to the threat of strikes and to grant all the demands of the men, the Administration seems to have persuaded certain classes of workmen that they can get more from Government ownership than from private ownership. Their demand for Government ownership is thus based

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solely upon the sordid principle that the Government is an "easy mark"; for which unflattering estimate of it the Administration is itself responsible. It may be, however, that the "outlaw" strikes, detestable and disastrous as they have been, will serve the useful purpose of causing an all around "showdown," and of expediting a determination of the question whether the great public utilities and industries of this country are to be dominated by a faction for its selfish and sordid pleasure or are to be operated subject to the common law for the welfare of the whole people.

The attempted revolution in Germany happily failed. However faulty the present Government may be, the success of the revolutionists would have been the proverbial leap from the frying-pan into the fire. It served, meantime, two useful purposes. It revealed to the world the low morale of the German nation, and it gave the German Government opportunity to exercise and to exhibit the duplicity and bad faith which seem inseparable from it. The not unnatural suspicion that the whole revolt was a piece of collusion may have been unfounded. But there can be no question that the Berlin Government on being restored tried to trade upon the disturbed condition of the country so as to evade the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, particularly in its pretense of dealing with the Spartacan riots in the Ruhr region. The overwhelming weight of credible testimony was to the effect that there was not the slightest need of sending German armies thither, and we must assume that they were sent for the chief if not the sole sake of violating the treaty under the pretext of a necessity which did not exist.

This Hunnish trickery had the effect of rousing France to protest and to something more than verbal protest; and the supremely significant thing was that France did so at her own initiative and alone. It has been intimated that neither our President, who by right had nothing to say about it, nor the British Government, which has shown an unfortunate tendency to disagree with its great Ally, approved M. Millerand's course. So much the worse for them, for M. Millerand—and Marshal Foch—were right. Germany's conduct was unquestionably a gross violation of the treaty, and it was one which was directly and particularly menacing—and in all probability was meant to be menacing

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—to France. To pretend that France should have done nothing about it without the counsel and cooperation of the other Powers would be equivalent to saying that a man should not put out a fire which he caught an incendiary kindling at the side of his house until he had called the neighbors together to discuss what kind of an extinguisher should be used. Some have foolishly charged that France acted as she did because she was excited and "rattled." On the contrary, she did so because she was quite cool, collected and resolute.

The demand for a bonus for all who served in the Great War continues to be pressed, and to be opposed, both within and without the ranks of the American Legion. It is difficult to avoid the impression that some of the advocates of such a scheme, especially outside of the Legion, are moved by political considerations. It is also difficult to defend the proposition in its present form even on the ground of pecuniary justice to the men. The argument is that the men were taken away from profitable occupations to serve the Government at much lower wages, and that they should be remunerated for the money loss which they thus sustained; and it is added that many of them have been unable to get employment again at as good wages as before, and that they are sorely in need of the bonus to enable them to make a fresh start in business. Now that is doubtless true in some cases, but in others it is not true. Some men got better pay in the army than they had been getting before they entered it. Some are more prosperous now than they were before the war. While any man could of course make use of a bonus, many of them are not really in need of it. To pay an equal bonus to all, regardless of these conditions, would therefore be inequitable. Years ago a prominent Member of Congress incurred the ridicule of his opponents as "Horizontal Bill" because he advocated a "horizontal reduction" of all tariff rates by the same percentage, entirely regardless of the effect upon revenue or protection. The same objection applies to the paying of a flat rate bonus to all soldiers, unless, of course, it is based upon an entirely different ground from that generally urged. Meanwhile it is interesting to observe that disapproval of the whole scheme is rapidly increasing within the ranks of the Legion. Local organizations of the Legion in various parts

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of the country have adopted resolutions against it and are conducting a systematic and vigorous campaign against it. They see that scores of thousands of more or less disabled soldiers are suffering piteously for lack of the vocational training which the Government promised them but has not yet given them; that the Army and Navy are suffering depletion and demoralization because of the insufficient pay of the officers; and that the whole nation is overburdened with war taxation. In these circumstances they regard with disfavor a proposal which would either greatly increase taxation or add another billion or two to the national debt. That attitude, to employ a time-worn phrase, is worthy of the best traditions of the American Army and Navy.

A real epoch in higher education has been marked by the action of Oxford University in dropping compulsory Greek from its entrance requirements. This was effected after long agitation and dispute, by a vote which while far from unanimous was sufficiently decisive to banish all thoughts of reconsideration or reversal. And since Oxford has done this, what other institution in the world can be counted upon to hold out for what Mr. Charles Francis Adams many years ago called a " College Fetich "? The incident is the more noteworthy because during the years of the Great War there has been in many quarters a revival of devotion to the Classics and other " Humanities," on the by no means weak or unworthy ground that it was the persistence of Great Britain and France in those studies that gave those nations a so much higher moral, ethical and spiritual tone than that of Germany, which was given so largely to the material sciences. Since there is no reason to suspect that Oxford means to relapse into Hunnishness, we must suppose that it has confidence that the abolition of compulsory Greek will not diminish but will on the contrary actually increase the study of that language and literature. Such, indeed, was the case in France, less than a score of years ago. Both Greek and Latin were stricken from the required list for the baccalaureate degree. For a time there was a great falling off from the pursuit of those studies. But then a storm of complaints and protests arose, not from the Classicists but from the Scientists. Engineers, chemists and other practitioners and teachers of the material sciences complained that their pupils and apprentices, not hav-

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ing studied the classics, were far less efficient than before. Teachers of French and other modern languages made the same complaint of their pupils; not having studied Greek and Latin, they could not satisfactorily master French and English. So a demand arose from the technical and scientific schools that their pupils should be thoroughly versed in the classics. There was no change in the law, but the parents took the matter in hand, and compelled their children to elect the classics, with the result that in a short time those studies were more generally and certainly more thoroughly pursued than when they had been on the compulsory list. It will be interesting to see if something of the sort happens in England.

The investigation into the conduct of the Navy during the war, which was brought about by Admiral Sims, seems to be approaching irresistibly the conclusion that at our entry into the war, despite our two years' warning, the Navy was disgracefully unprepared, and that after our entry it suffered seriously from lack of plans of campaign, and from hesitancy and delay in making vital decisions. Some officers of high rank, it is true, have expressed the opinion that it was well prepared, even as well prepared as that of Great Britain. We have no doubt that some of the ships were in perfect trim, and that a large proportion of the officers and men were equal in efficiency to any in the world. Against these opinions of readiness must be set, however, the facts of record that many of the ships required weeks or months to fit them for service, that the supply of ammunition was altogether inadequate, and that the personnel was numerically far below even a peace basis. This last circumstance, one of the most serious of all, appears to have been chargeable directly to the Secretary of the Navy, who had persistently discouraged any increase of the enlisted personnel. Some officers have also insisted that suitable plans of campaign were in existence at the beginning of the war; but if so, they certainly seem to have been kept from the knowledge of two of the officers most concerned with them, the Chief of Naval Operations, and the chief liaison officer in London. Responsibility for these melancholy conditions must rest upon the Secretary of the Navy, excepting in so far as it rests upon the President himself. Hitherto

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"Sir Josephus" has been commonly regarded as a joke. He now seems to have come perilously near to being a disaster.

The Bolshevists are making desperate efforts to secure recognition, or even the quasi-recognition implied in the resumption of trade, and are making all sorts of promises, or offers of promises, to be good in a dozen different ways, if the Powers will only be good to them. These overtures should deceive nobody. They are simply a counsel of despair. Soviet Russia is economically a ghastly failure, and is now trembling upon the verge of utter collapse. It has meant from the first inefficiency, dishonesty, decreased production, increased cost of living, and is at the point of meaning outright bankruptcy. These circumstances have been aggravated by the fact that instead of devoting their energies chiefly to economic progress the Bolshevists have adopted a more militaristic policy than ever did the Czar, and have made it their prime object to create a vast army for the conquest of the world. In this mad ambition they have hoped to be aided by the proletarian insurrections and strikes which their secret agents, supplied with stolen gold, have been endeavoring to foment in the United States and other countries. The question before the Powers is whether they shall give the Soviet infamy another lease of life, by entering into relations with it, or shall stand sternly aloof until through its own intrinsic rottenness the thing falls into merited dissolution and makes room for a decent democracy of the Russian people.

The suspension of five Socialist members of the New York State Assembly has been followed by their final expulsion from that body, and by the proposal to enact legislation which would debar them from reëlection and would practically outlaw the Socialist party as at present constituted. Whatever may have been the deserts of the five men, there is no doubt that the weight of judicious opinion was against the action of the Assembly in expelling them. It was an inordinate straining of a Constitutional provision to hold that the Assembly had a right to consider their political opinions as "qualifications" for seats in that House upon which it was entitled to pass. On the same theory, a Democratic majority might expel Republicans. Beyond

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question, a Prohibitionist majority might expel "wet" members, on the ground that they were opposed to an article of the Constitution and were therefore disqualified from taking the oath to support that instrument. Of course, if the political principles and purposes of these men were seditious or disloyal, they were unfit to serve. But sedition and treason are matters to be determined and dealt with by the courts of justice, and not by a committee of the State Assembly. The proposed anti-Socialist legislation is also a matter which should command the most thoughtful deliberation on both sides. We cannot tolerate having political liberty tampered with, even on the pretext of suppressing sedition. Neither, on the other hand, can we permit sedition to flourish under the pretext of political liberty. It is a time and a theme for heart-searching, for Socialists and Anti-Socialists alike.

It is a part of the irony of the present international situation that at the very time when a wise and patriotic campaign has been successfully conducted for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, our relations with the States on whose account that Doctrine was enunciated should be made less satisfactory than they have been for many years. With Mexico we have, of course, long been at loggerheads. By our arbitrary and unsympathetic course, especially by compelling them to abandon their finely auspicious and beneficent International Court of Justice, we have alienated the Central American States and moved them to seek the formation of a new arbitral league from which we shall be excluded. We have been rebuffed from the exercise of any good offices for the settlement of the chief controversy which now vexes South America, one of the principal States of that continent somewhat curtly informing us that it needs and desires none of our meddling in its affairs. Yet a decade ago our relations with nearly all those countries were intimate and confident. Some day a philosophic historian may trace and analyze the connection between a persistent policy of antipathy toward the countries embraced in the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, and an attempt to betray, denounce and abrogate the Doctrine itself.

Daylight saving must now become a national issue. Since the unfortunate refusal of Congress to continue the salu-

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tary system, chaos has prevailed. Some States have adopted the new system, and others have refused to do so. In some States local option on the subject prevails, each community determining for itself how it will set its clocks. Thus it may be noon in one city when it is eleven a. m. in the adjoining city. A railroad train may leave one station at noon and reach the next, a mile or two further on, at five minutes after eleven a. m. Some roads run some of their trains on the one and some on the other schedule, so that the five o'clock express and the six o'clock local leave the terminal at the same moment. Such confusion entails endless inconvenience and no little loss, and may at any time cause disaster. Its perpetuation would be intolerable. There must be a uniform national standard of time, and it will doubtless ultimately be that which best serves the convenience and economy of the greatest number of the people.

President Wilson declares that France is given over to militarism and imperialism, and is about as bad as Germany was at the beginning of the war; to which representative Frenchmen reply that America is governed by a madman. Mr. Lloyd George refuses to let the British Government cooperate with the French in compelling Germany to respect the Treaty of Versailles; and Frenchmen regard him as having betrayed them. Belgium sides with France, and Italy with Great Britain. In respect to Russian policy, and Turkish policy, and other matters of prime importance, there is no agreement among the Powers. In brief, the "Allied and Associated Powers" which two years ago were apparently on terms of perfect confidence and cooperation are now jarring and jangling and working at cross purposes. Such is the result of the insane attempt at "expecting all things in an hour" in the political, social and economic reorganization of the entire world as a prerequisite of peace, instead of rationally restoring peace first of all, and letting these other things await the orderly progress of events. The outlook would be disheartening and ominous beyond description if it were not for a cheerful confidence that the nations are wiser than the politicians, and are able to distinguish between speeches which are made for Buncombe and those which really voice the mind and the will of the people.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By Champ Clark. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Genial humanity and wisdom, shrewd and kindly observation of men and affairs—these are the outstanding qualities of Champ Clark's reminiscences. The wisdom varies in comprehensiveness and in degree of illumination; the humanity is constant, and here lies the greater wisdom—in the attitude toward life. If one looks in vain for political profundities in these volumes one may be grateful for the absence of political cynicisms and political hypocrisies, and one finds the narrative rich in estimates, intuitive and practical, of real men—even if, as a critic, one shudders at the dictum that *The Pleasures of Hope* is "the finest long poem in our vernacular" or detects a certain surplusage of enthusiasm in the statement that "to the end of time men will read with interest, and women with tears, *Lucile* and *Eugene Aram*."

The books that influenced Champ Clark most were the Bible, Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry,* and a very small red book containing the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address. Of this last book, his father said to him: "I want you to read this book. Next to the Bible it is the best one I know of."

What an education certain men got in those days when some few things were considered great and essential! Nowadays, when Greek is scarcely any longer considered even a feather in a man's cap, it may be well to call passing attention to the fact that Champ Clark received a grade of 100 in Greek from that fastidious professor, Dr. John H. Neville. Dr. William Benjamin Smith, now professor emeritus of astronomy at Tulane University, and on the Carnegie Foundation, got the same grade. In 1870, it was clear to all the students of Transylvania University that highest honors at graduation the next year lay between John O. Hopkins (subsequently professor of Greek in Butler University) and Champ Clark. Clark and Hopkins figured out their averages together, and the latter, finding that Clark was ahead of him by one per cent, decided to drop back a year, thus making sure of a distinction that would be of use to him in the profession he intended to engage in. Meanwhile, Clark was expelled because of a shooting affray which, though it would appear somewhat unconventional, to say the least, to modern collegians, had no relish or wickedness in it. The result was that first honors went to James Lane Allen the novelist.

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Clark graduated from Bethany College, with the highest honors, in 1873, and shortly afterward, at the age of twenty-three, became president of Marshall College, West Virginia.

After one year of service, at the not princely salary of thirteen hundred dollars a year, Mr. Clark, declining re-election to the presidency of Marshall College, entered the Cincinnati Law School, from which he was graduated, at the head of his class, in 1875. For a time he taught school in the city of Louisiana, Missouri, in which place he hung out his lawyer's shingle in July, 1876. He became successively city attorney of the two cities of Louisiana and Bowling Green, presidential elector, member of the legislature, permanent chairman of the St. Louis Democratic National Convention of 1904, Representative in Congress, and Speaker of the House. The country has not forgotten how near he came to obtaining the Presidential nomination in the Democratic National Convention of 1912.

The career thus briefly outlined was rich in experience rather than striking in achievement. A fighting spirit, honesty of purpose, a certain breadth of mind, and a quick grasping of opportunity seem to explain it adequately. About his achievements, indeed, Mr. Clark makes no great ado. He does not even adhere closely to the chronological in his narration: he digresses freely, inserts anecdotes out of the expected sequence, interposes chapters upon some of the notable figures of his time, or upon such subjects as "Wit and Humor in Congress," "Cloak Room Stories," "Heredity in American Politics." He has written not an oration *De Corona* in the guise of reminiscences, but a book of mellow and remarkably impartial recollections, simply truth-telling and racily self-expressive. As chatty as Justin McCarthy, Mr. Clark makes few sweeping pronouncements or elaborate analyses, but tells the substance of his own life and of the events in which he was concerned with a frankness which reveals everything in the light of decent moral standards and of practical judgment. A young man desiring to know what political life is like, what its standards are, what mental and moral qualities are required in it, might profit more by the reading of this book than by any formal course of study in a university. Such a reader would receive unquestionably not only the right ideas, but the right spirit as well. The book is Champ Clark's own story, and seldom is so much of the wisdom of experience and observation so unpretentiously offered. No one will rise from the reading of this book without having gained, as the sum of its effect upon him, a somewhat more realistic and at the same time a somewhat more wisely tolerant attitude toward the great American game of politics. The world we live in is to be neither idealized nor scorned: the art most to be desired is the art of living without either craving unduly the illusions this world presents or trying to get along altogether without them. This art Mr. Clark seems to have mastered, and while not exactly a historian or a philosopher, he proves himself a wise man.

Mr. Clark's anecdotes, of which he has an unlimited supply, are for the most part as much his own as were those of Mark Twain or of Lincoln: stories of Kentucky feuds, of the "seamy side of life" as revealed to him in the course of his work as a prosecuting attorney, tales of odd characters from humble walks of life, of "half-forgotten

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statesmen," or of still remembered personages. To select and relate a few of these stories would be but to misrepresent the whole. The two volumes of the autobiography are a perfect storehouse of human lore; it is remarkable how many practical lessons may be enforced by anecdotes taken from its pages. Yet Mr. Clark is not one of those who "talk too wise."

In portraiture of personalities, the author displays no extraordinary penetration; but he is quite free from the ambition of "drawing up antithetical characters of great men," and he shows a sense of proportion, a moderation and sagacity in distinguishing the primary qualities, that give weight and interest to his characterizations. It seems a true instinct that caused him to place at the head of one chapter the sentence: "One of the finest gentlemen that ever occupied the White House was William Howard Taft." His account of Roosevelt is not the usual panegyric; it is upon the whole something more worthy. Occasionally there are oddly illuminating statements in these sketches. To many, perhaps, Roosevelt's description of Robert E. Lee as "the very greatest of all the great captains that the English speaking peoples have brought forth," has seemed to be merely the result of one of those spontaneous eulogistic impulses which it is generally safe to indulge. Mr. Clark, however, after quoting from Roosevelt's *Life of Thomas Hart Benton* the sentence in which this generous phrase occurs, deposes as follows: "That is not only one of the finest sentences he ever wrote, considered entirely from a literary standpoint, but one of the most courageous considered from a political point of view." And after reading Mr. Clark's explanation of the matter, one is fain to agree. Of much interest, too, and remarkable for impartial and measured statement is his account of the McKinley-Hanna-Sherman imbroglio, with its incidental portraiture of the men. Thomas Brackett Reed, that "masterful great man," is drawn with sympathy and apparently with great fidelity.

Mr. Clark's "close-ups" are memorable; they show their subjects not posed, but in their natural attitudes and with their natural expressions. So in his observations about the House of Representatives in general, the author is concrete, and his generalizations are obviously related to facts. "First and last," he says, "there have sat in the House six humorists of the first order: Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Corwin, Samuel Sullivan Cox, James Proctor Knott, 'Private' John Allen, and Frank Cushman of Washington." Perhaps none of these men deserves to be classed with Lincoln as a humorist, and it is perhaps an open question whether Lincoln deserves to be classed with some of them from any point of view. But if the list seems a quaint one, it leads to such an assemblage of interesting material as few men aside from Mr. Clark could present. It is one of the virtues of this book that it gives the good with the bad, the rough with the fine, not without discrimination but without prejudice. Of the House as a whole, one gets an impression of dignity and efficiency. "When you first look over a new House," said Speaker Crisp, whom Mr. Clark quotes with approval, "you wonder how half of them got there; but after you come to know the members well you will find that, barring a few accidental members, they are strong in specialties." There is plenty

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of wit and humor in the House, there is brilliancy and force, and occasionally there is a certain want of amenity—of which Mr. Clark does not spare to tell us. There is, for example, the case of the representative who, being interrupted in a furious tariff speech by a question as to whether the first reaper was not invented during the Walker Free Trade Tariff by Cyrus McCormick, a Virginian—a question which, as it happened, he could not answer without ruining the effect of his speech—bawled out: "Well, isn't that richness? What do you know about it anyway?" There was no malice in the matter: the author of this sally and Clark, its victim, afterward became good friends. But amenity! Doubtless, in more ways than one, the House is human.

If much of what Mr. Clark tells us is interesting and important chiefly as affording insight into the hurlyburly of politics and its human reactions, if much is simply anecdote (of the kind that tickles the ribs and sobers the understanding), there is not a little that is significant historically. Mr. Clark is a bold commentator when he chooses. "If Lovell H. Rousseau," he writes, "had never recruited his Louisville legion, if old Frank Wolford and Thomas E. Bramlett had never established Camp Dick Robinson, Kentucky would have seceded and the Ohio River would have been an impassable barrier to the invading armies. If Frank Blair had never captured Camp Jackson—for it was Blair who conceived and carried out that great strategic movement, and not Gen. Nathaniel Lyon of New England, as the Northern history books say—Missouri would have joined the Confederacy under the lead of Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson and Gen. Sterling Price, the peerless soldier, and with her vast resources to command, Lee's soldiers would not have been starved and frozen into a surrender. . . . When Abraham Lincoln said in his first inaugural address: 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists, he did more for the preservation of the Union than was done by all the speeches, great and small, delivered since the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel." Even Bostonians of the old school may be tickled by the author's comment upon another heroic exploit: "If this had happened in New England, I suppose that the world would not be able to contain the books that would have been written about it."

The great split in the Republican Party, which was consummated at the Chicago convention of 1912, had its inception in the Rules Revolution in the House, which began in 1908 and achieved success on March 19, 1910. Since Clark, as minority leader, conducted the attack, his account of the ins and outs of the fight, its tactics and its motives, is of prime interest, even apart from the claim which the victory gave him upon the Democratic nomination in 1912. Whatever may be thought of the justice of this claim—and it is certainly just according to the ethics of party politics—no fair-minded person can read without sympathy Mr. Clark's account of the Baltimore Convention. "Bryan's malicious slanders did it. . . . Bryan's animus against me at Baltimore grew out of two facts. First, he could not pull me around by the nose in my conduct as Speaker. Second, his ambition to be nominated himself." Such is the substance of the charge, and the details seem

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adequate. The narrative at this point is outspoken, but its tone is never peevish. Indeed it is remarkable how little of the bitterness of controversy or the roughness of saw-edged sarcasm there is in any part of Mr. Clark's book. The most telling sentence in the whole work occurs not in the story of the convention, but at the end of the last chapter, where, in relation to a newspaper story that he had gone to Trenton to fight Bryan's appointment to the Cabinet, he writes: "The man who wrote that did not have sense enough to know that the Speakership of the House of Representatives is a much bigger place than is any Cabinet position, and he was not well enough acquainted with me to know that I would not accept all ten Cabinet portfolios rolled into one, for I would not be a clerk for any man."

It is not too much to say that many a man who heaved a sigh of relief when Mr. Clark lost the Democratic Presidential nomination in Baltimore would have been glad to vote for him if he could have known the Clark self-portrayed and self-expressed in these volumes.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By Edward J. Dillon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Most books upon international politics, upon treaties and diplomatic negotiations, are, like the books of war correspondents, confusing to the general reader. The carefully guarded generalities, the multifarious details, the epigrammatic comments, taken altogether are frequently less than illuminating. Dr. Dillon's book is based upon better and fuller information and is more lucid in statement than are most works of the kind. If its somewhat journalistic and semi-methodical treatment of topics seems designed rather to influence than to instruct opinion, one has to remember that such subject-matter as the author has to deal with scarcely admits of so simple and clear-cut a presentation as was seen, for example, in Mr. James M. Beck's *The Evidence in the Case;* for historic perspective, we must wait. But by virtue of his inside knowledge, his ruthless uncovering of weaknesses, his keenness in criticism, he well deserves to be called the Junius of the Peace Conference.

The plenipotentiaries who at Paris shaped, or attempted to shape, the destinies of Europe seem to have been curiously unfitted for the task. Each was obsessed by his own political problems. "M. Clemenceau made France the hub of the universe. Mr. Lloyd George harbored schemes which naturally identified the welfare of mankind with the hegemony of the English-speaking races. Signor Orlando was inspired by the 'sacred egotism' which had actuated all Italian Cabinets since Italy entered the war. President Wilson was burning to associate his name and also that of his country with the vastest and noblest enterprise inscribed in the annals of history." They were ignorant of the conditions surrounding the problems they attempted to solve. "The President and the Premiers, though specialists in nothing, had to act as specialists in everything." They had little recourse to men possessed of special information. Commissions were appointed to investigate and report upon special problems, and then their reports were either ignored or rejected. The heads of the

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Conference wasted months in informal conversations, of which no minutes were kept, avoiding important issues, and then improvised hasty solutions. Meanwhile, the world in general and the delegates of the smaller states in particular were kept in the dark by a strict censorship. These men "raised procrastination to the level of a theory." They were at the same time secret and inept. "How ingrained in the plenipotentiaries was what, for want of a better word, may be termed their proneness to conspirative and circuitous action may be inferred from the record of their official and unofficial conversations and acts. When holding converse with Kolchak's authorized agents in Paris, they would lay down hard conditions, which they described as immutable; and yet when communicating with the Admiral direct they would submit to him terms considerably less irksome, unknown to his Paris advisers, thus mystifying both and occasioning friction between them." But then history and Kolchak shared the same fate; both were ignored.

In all this, the principal charge made against President Wilson, that Puritanically obstinate defender of idealism, is pusillanimity. Surely Junius himself could not have framed an indictment with a nicer touch. Of its truth the reader can best judge for himself; but it seems clear that idealism must be of all things consistent. "It is my belief," writes Dr. Dillon, "that if Mr. Wilson had persisted in making his League project the cornerstone of the new world structure and in applying his principles without favor, the Italians would have accepted it almost without discussion, and the other states would have followed their example."

Whether the impartial application of such principle was under the circumstances feasible, is perhaps a debatable question. President Wilson was compelled to yield to Great Britain on the subject of the freedom of the seas and some other chiefly British questions; he was constrained to give France nearly all that she wanted in the way of guarantees, including the Saar Valley. In spite of the Fourteen Points, Japan had her way in Asia. Italy could be forced to yield only because of her economic dependence upon Great Britain and the United States. Some of the smaller states, who were otherwise situated, proved singularly unamenable.

The nationalistic attitudes of France and Great Britain, once those Powers were measurably satisfied, had the effect of placing the other nations to a great extent in the hands of President Wilson. "At the Conference . . . the President of the United States possessed what was practically a veto on nearly all matters that left the vital interests of Britain and France intact. And he frequently exercised it. Thus, the dispute about the Thracian settlement lay not between Bulgaria and Greece, nor between Greece and the Supreme Council, but between Greece and Mr. Wilson. In quarrel over Fiume and the Dalmatian coast it was the same. When the Shantung question came up for settlement, it was Mr. Wilson who dealt with it, his colleagues, though bound by their promises to support Japan, having made him their mouthpiece. . . . The rigor he displayed in dealing with some of the smaller countries was in inverse ratio to the indulgence he practised toward the Great Powers."

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It can hardly be denied that the smaller nations came off badly at the Conference, and that their disgust greatly tended to undermine that public confidence in the League which is essential to its support. The delegates of these smaller countries complained, with much color of reason, of "Conferential Tsarism." They were told in so many words that the decision of all important questions lay with the states that had the most soldiers. Belgium was somewhat shabbily treated, Roumania was offended and made recalcitrant, Poland was trifled with. Other small states were ignored. Shall we take the behavior of the Conference as a measure of what the League will do? Why not?

And what has been the net result? Dr. Dillon's reply to this question sums up in concentrated bitterness the force of five hundred pages of narrative and analysis: "Whatever the tests one applies to the work of the Conference—ethical, social, or political—they reveal it as a factor eminently calculated to sap high interests, to weaken the moral nerve of the present generation, to fan the flames of national and racial hatred, to dig an abyss between the classes and the masses, and to throw open the sluice-gates to the inrush of anarchist inter nationalities."

In all literature only a few have ever attacked an institution or a political course of action more subtly, more energetically, or more effectively than has Dr. Dillon in his inside story of the Conference.

WALT WHITMAN: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Leon Bazalgette. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

American appreciation of Whitman has always been helped by foreign appreciation, and even now the time is not past when Americans need arousing, and may be aroused, to a larger recognition of Whitman's significance. While one would not think of the poet of *Leaves of Grass* as especially akin to the French genius, the excellent work done in English literature by French scholars in recent years leads one to hope for much in M. Bazalgette's book.

So far as the setting and atmosphere are concerned, M. Bazalgette's account of Whitman might have been written by an American brought up in the neighborhood of Brooklyn. There is hardly a false—by which one means in this case an un-American—accent in the whole work. An old friend of Whitman's might have written it, so thoroughly has the author steeped himself in his subject, so perfectly has he caught not merely the spirit of Whitman but the intimate quality of his surroundings. And if an imaginative description of Long Island, written somewhat after the fashion of Taine—"region of winds and waves. region rude and little attractive, impress of a splendid desolation"—sounds a little queerly to American ears, the fault is no doubt quite as much with our too-familiarized imaginations as with the author's art. It would be difficult to find another passage in the whole book that in the least disturbs our native feeling as to the things that we know most about. Well informed, and adjusted to all the aspects of his subject, M. Bazalgette has written what is in all points as good a short life of Whitman as a reasonable person could wish for.

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As for appreciation, there is this to be said: that what is "cosmic" tends almost inevitably to be vague, and that insistence upon Whitman's great idea and upon his great qualities tends somewhat toward "damnable iteration." This tendency M. Bazalgette has not altogether escaped. "The entire man was marked with a great natural dignity, vulgar familiarities did not belong to him. Without even taking into account the exclusive privacy of his life, of the feminine attachments of which no one intimate with him received the secret, this communal and fervent being who pushed freedom to the baring of himself in his poems, had a strong tendency to be secret. He did not permit certain locks to be opened." This is not mere eulogy; it is really explanatory; yet pages and pages of this sort of comment upon no great variety of themes becomes—must one say it?—a trifle tedious. M. Bazalgette is often illuminating, seldom penetrating.

There is, however, more than once an effectiveness of statement that is almost as good as profundity. "Such," says the author in summing up his chapter upon "The Man of Crowds"—"such was in its general character and seen only under a limited number of its aspects *the enormous education of this uneducated man.*" And on critical points the author is almost always right. He rejects with scorn the notion originated by Bucke, that at a certain hour Whitman received a sudden illumination and became endowed with a new and superhuman sense, the cosmic consciousness. "All the greatness of the poet protests against such a postulate, and his formidable realism forbids an esoteric explanation." Of Whitman's supposed debt to the philosopher of Concord, he writes: "To say that Whitman is a differentiated product of Emerson's philosophy is to declare that under another climate the elephant could spring from the deer or the bison from the peacock."

Whatever may be the defects of this volume in respect of an ideal short account of Whitman—and Whitman more than some men of equal genius calls for a long and detailed account—Bazalgette's *Whitman* will add to the fame of the poet and will give Whitman-lovers keen enjoyment. The total effect of the work upon an originally indifferent spirit may be considerable. It stimulates and revives drooping interest, creates new interest. Little more can be required.

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